

THE
STORY
OF
THE
PEN



OF GREAT WRITERS



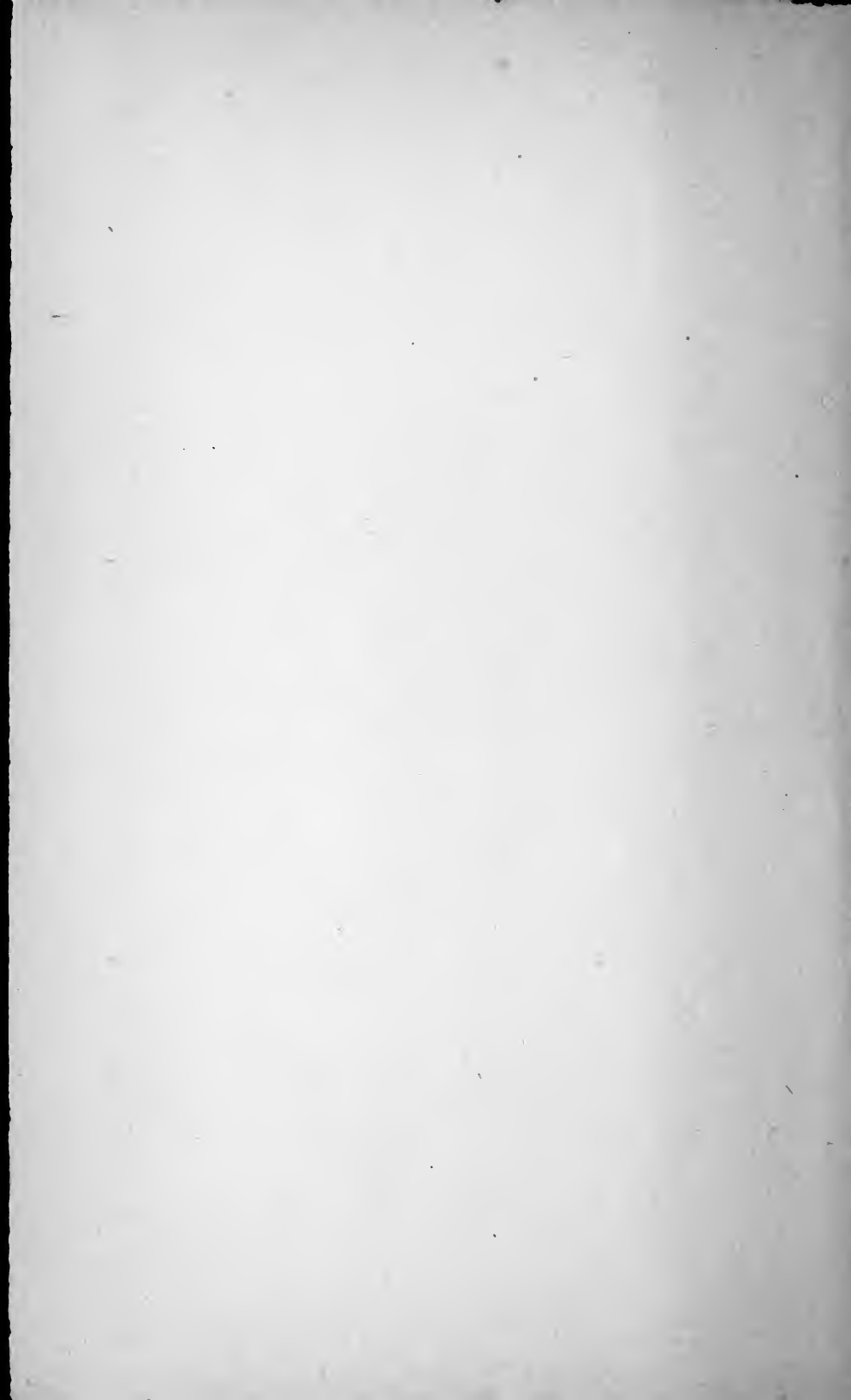
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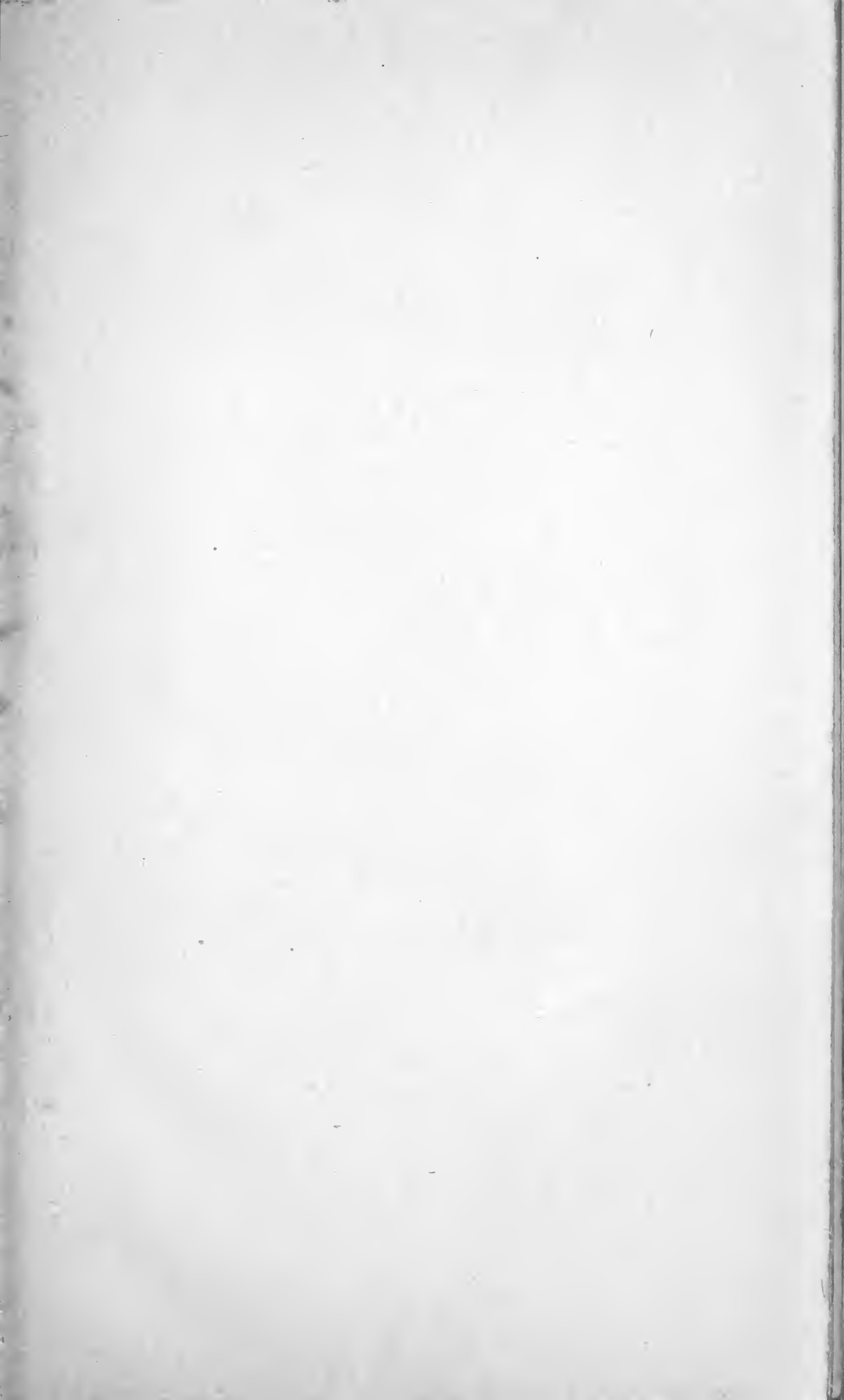
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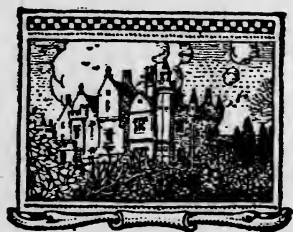


Walter Scott

IN THE DAYS OF *Scott*

By
TUDOR JENKS

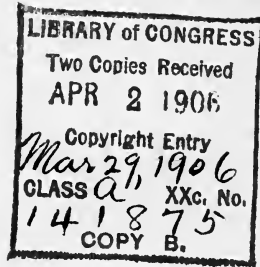
AUTHOR OF "IN THE DAYS OF CHAUCER," "IN THE
DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE," "IN THE DAYS
OF MILTON," ETC.



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PREFACE

THE days of Sir Walter Scott bring us so much nearer to our own time, that Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton must have seemed to the author of "Waverley" as far removed from him as they seem remote from ourselves. It is not easy to keep the past in true perspective. We think of our Revolutionary days as long gone by, and of Scott as modern, without reflecting that Scott was but a little child when the New England farmers fired the shot heard round the world.

The impression that the father of the historical novel lived not so very long ago is due partly to the fact that he is so much more modern than the days of Chivalry and of Border warfare about which he wrote,

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and partly to the wholesome and abounding vitality of this great Scotchman.

Scott lived in a borderland that extended from the days of the eighteenth to the days of the nineteenth century; and with him, in imagination, we cross from the reign of George III. to that of William IV., from the American Colonies to the presidency of Andrew Jackson. We see the last of old methods of life and the beginning of the era in which we still live; for during the years of Sir Walter Scott were made those discoveries and inventions which, developed and applied, have transformed the conditions of civilized life. Steam and electricity became man's docile servants in those years, and to these agencies primarily is due the amazing change that makes our outer world different from that into which Scott was born.

As in the other books of this series it has been the purpose here to tell of the influences and atmosphere of the author's life and to bring Scott into relation with the

Preface

general events that affected all men of his time. Thereby we may better remember amid what scenes and happenings the poet and novelist lived, and through a larger knowledge of Scott and of his relations to history and letters may be brought into closer sympathy with the magician and into fuller appreciation of his work.

TUDOR JENKS.



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CHAPTER I.

SCOTLAND, OLD AND NEW.

THE period of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, in 1771, was one when the whole state of his native land was undergoing a change so complete that it was like a resurrection. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Scotland was in most essential things not unlike what England had been three or four hundred years earlier. It was a land where the customs and ways of the Middle Ages still existed. If an Englishman of Chaucer's time could have been brought to life and placed in Scotland for the first half of the eighteenth century, in most respects the life of the people, that is, of the peasantry dwelling far from towns, was that to which the subject of Edward

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III. had been accustomed. There were the same poverty, the same small, miserable hovels, the same stunted animals, the same rude tools for cultivating the soil, similar food, and clothing little different from the rags worn so many centuries before. In fact, when reading books about these days in Scotland, there is need of the dates cited now and then in their pages to remind the reader that the figures 1300 are not meant instead of 1700.

The food of the people in both cases was the wretched bits of grain they could save from the exactions of the landlords and tax-gatherers. The clothing was coarse, home-made woolen, shapeless, ill-fitting, and neither becoming nor suitable. Shoes and stockings, to many unknown, were by the few worn only as a holiday attire. The miserable hovels were in both cases warmed in winter only by bits of smouldering peat or small fires of odd sticks, the latter a rarity indeed in most parts of Scotland.

Fields were unenclosed, and the cattle, if

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the poor beasts could be dignified by the name, wandered up and down the uneven ridges seeking subsistence from the scanty, weedy growth between the stones. The very methods of agriculture were the same as those of their remote ancestors. Whenever a task the least bit more onerous than usual was to be performed, it required the gathering of a dozen neighbors. Thus, in plowing land, a clumsy wooden plow was yoked, or rather harnessed, by twisted straw ropes, to six or eight pairs of bony cattle, and the clumsy machine driven irregularly over the rocky surface, attended by a shouting mob of bony peasants.

There was no variety of food, the only crops generally sown being a poor kind of oats and barley. The times of sowing and reaping were regulated by superstition, or, rather, were left to the chance direction of old saws bequeathed by some village prophet of long ago.

Roads did not exist, nor were there any vehicles to make them necessary. The

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making of wheels was not understood, a sort of rough sledge, rolling on solid wood disks, being the nearest contrivance. We may see the same device pictured as in use by the early peasants at the time of Cæsar's invasion. The town life was, of course, a little more civilized, but the most primitive frontier town of to-day contains more appliances for the comfort and well-being of its people than could then be shown in a half-dozen Scottish cities combined, except, perhaps, in a few of the palaces belonging to travelled nobles.

In examining a map of Great Britain, the reason for this stagnation of progress in the northern part of the country is evident. Just as Spain and France have been separated by the Pyrenees, just as Switzerland has been cut off by its mountain boundaries from its neighbors and has become an independent republic, and as Tibet has remained almost the last country shut out from the knowledge of the Western world, so Scotland, separated from the lowlands

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of England by the river Tweed, the Firth of Forth, and the mountain ranges which are encountered just as we enter the country, was kept for centuries shut off from the civilizing intercourse with her neighbors that would have made her a sharer in the gifts that they enjoyed.

The feudal system that gave rise to her social structure was kept alive by qualities in themselves praiseworthy. The Scotch have ever been brave, patient, loyal, religious people, and to the same exactions that at length turned the French peasantry into a fierce mob to drive from their land the privileged classes, the Scotch not only submitted, but even gloried in the grandeur to maintain which they starved their families. The difference may lie in the mental constitution of the two races. The French were eminently practical, unspeculative, unimaginative. When once convinced that the wrongs inflicted upon them had no sanction in the nature of things, they were ruthless in extirpating them. The Scotch, on

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the contrary, were imaginative, credulous, and speculative. Their very miseries made them superstitious in their religion. They accepted their wrongs as a part of the mystery of the universe and bore with fortitude and without rancor the ills that seemed to them inherent in the nature of things.

It was the eighteenth century that changed completely all the conditions which had kept alive the antiquated wrongs that made Scotland an anachronism—three hundred years behind her neighbor to the southward. Perhaps most important of all was the change in religion, which, begun earlier, did not have its full effect until about the middle of this century. All the religious discussion which had filled the literature of the land during the controversies between King and Parliament, Church and people, had tended to enlighten Presbyterian Scotland. The younger generation, though still anything but free in thinking, were far less bigoted than their fathers.

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Politically, the uprising of 1745 was the last struggle of the Jacobites. Backed by France, Charles Stuart came, believing that adherents of his house would flock to his standard. Although his reception was at first discouraging, he had at last found himself at the head of an army which, if not large, was valiant and achieved wonders. After the victory at Preston, which began his campaign, the march to Edinburgh, the invasion of England, hardly undeceived him, though the country people remained uninterested spectators of his march. It was only after he had waited in vain for the appearance of any English Cavaliers that he was compelled to turn back, was defeated, and at last escaped to the Continent, having served his country best by proving the Stuart cause was dead. Though some reprisals followed this raid into England, the course of the government was in general marked by such clemency that the union of the two countries was strengthened and all political parties came

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to see that their best course was to support the House of Hanover.

As for "Prince Charlie," he died in exile, neglected, and almost forgotten, after a life that was for many years ignoble.

The old chains of the feudal system were at this time struck from the limbs of the people, and though this was done because the clan-system had shown itself a ready means of fomenting strife, yet a few years proved, even to the Highlanders themselves, that an institution which had been a valuable one in the days of isolation and inter-tribal quarrels, was now merely a means by which malevolent men could make mischief.

With the removal of the barriers that had kept apart the northern and southern ends of the island, and had made travelling Englishmen and Scotchmen feel themselves in an enemy's country, with the ceasing of border raids, the construction of good roads, and the establishment of friendly traffic, prosperity and influence came rather

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to the merchant and farmer than to the successful freebooter or soldier.

England at this time had acquired large colonial possessions; she was at peace with her old enemies, Holland, France and Spain; she had driven the rivals of her sea-power from the ocean, or had made with them such compacts that she was left free to carry on trade where she found it most profitable. Young Scotchmen who found no careers open to them in their own land soon made places for themselves in the colonies, in British trade, or in the ranks of the King's service.

In brief, the old fences between England and Scotland were down forever. The bogeys that had kept Scotland in bondage at home and had caused her to be despised abroad, were either laid to rest or were less regarded; and, perhaps most important of all, Scotchmen saw in England an example of prosperity which their keen intellects understood might be brought about within their own borders.

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Among the most important improvements that were introduced were those in agriculture. Where Scotch lands had been used for but one or two crops, where agricultural animals had been neglected and underfed—it being necessary in the spring to lift the emaciated cattle to their feet before they were able to feed—English methods were copied, new vegetables introduced, better grain raised, and improved ways of farming adopted. It is said that when the Scotch cattle were first fed upon turnips they grew so big that the people refused for a time to eat such “monsters.” The little cottages with dirt floors, thatched roofs, no windows, and crude fireplaces, gave place to dwellings more like the comfortable homes of English farmers. Upon the Clyde, merchants fostered ship-building and were soon able to control the larger part of the commerce with the American colonies, particularly the importation of tobacco, a trade that brought quick fortunes to many Glasgow tradesmen.

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Accompanying the general prosperity came a quickened impulse in the intellectual life of Scotland. Minds trained by the severe methods of the Scotch universities applied to practical affairs the same acute faculties that had been wasted in theological discussions. The Scotch imagination became inventive and constructive, and applied its developed powers to the details of trade, commerce, and industry. Methods of manufacture were revolutionized by Scotch inventions. The steam-engine and the spinning-jenny are only the most notable of these. It was a Scotchman who suggested the establishment of the Bank of England; Scotchmen perfected life-insurance; they brought to life again the science of political economy. In short, Scotch brains had needed only an opportunity, and the opportunity had come.

All these changes involved the destruction of the very frame-work of the old Scotch life. Together with the useless and the repulsive was destroyed much that was

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picturesque and poetic. While the improvements were welcomed by the newer generation, there were not wanting those who raised the inevitable lamentation over the good old times. Just as the days of suffering, of hardship, and of warfare make the best material for striking history and stirring ballads or sensational fiction, so the days when Scotland was still in the twilight of feudalism gave rise to her most romantic annals. As these conditions passed away from real life, as their asperities were softened by distance and oblivion, so the minds of the romantic acquired a taste for the traditions of Scotland's past.

Sir Walter Scott was born not only upon the borderland between England and Scotland, but the time of his birth lay almost in the borderland between modern and mediæval Scottish history. There were still living many from whose lips he could hear in all their vividness incidents of the old life. He was still near enough to the old days to read their stories or to hear the

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songs of their ballad-singers with full sympathy and understanding, yet he was removed from the old times and in contact with the new, and thus fitted to act as interpreter of one to the other.

The Scotland of his day was not yet so changed that all memorials of the past had disappeared. There still stood here and there castles, abbeys, and fortresses, wherein the old-world dramas had been played. It was still possible, turning aside from the more civilized regions of his native land, to find himself amid localities where enough of old customs and old institutions remained to re-present the conditions of the earlier history.

It would seem as if this great genius had been specially created to preserve for all time a memorial of the past in such form as to make the best of it immortal. To compare with Scott's poems and romances the chronicles and dry facts that underlie them is to see that his mind has chosen the wheat from the chaff, has transmitted to

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later times all that is pure and good and wholesome, while rejecting whatever made the old life miserable and degrading.

Before Scott wrote, while there was political union and actual peace between Scotland and England, there still remained the embers of that hostility which years of strife had kept alive. A Scotchman in London, a Londoner in Edinburgh, was still an alien, holding himself aloof and feeling that he was in an atmosphere of critical reserve, if not open hostility. It was Scott's work to open to the two races one another's hearts; to show to the English the warmth of feeling that lay concealed behind Scotch brusqueness, or was held in check by Scotch reserve; to display the common humanity that was the same north or south of the Tweed; to gain for the oddities of his eccentric countrymen the sympathy that comes of understanding; to win for their ideals appreciation, and for their prejudices respect. All this was done by Sir Walter Scott, not only through the works

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of his pen, but also by means of his own delightful personality. He was a big-hearted, manly gentleman, and, above all things, he was a Scotchman, who won respect for himself and for his race.

CHAPTER II

SURROUNDINGS DURING EARLIEST YEARS

IN regarding the career of Sir Walter Scott, however much critics may differ as to the character and the value of what he did, or the relative worth of his prose and of his verse, there is one point on which all heartily agree. They ascribe to him above all authors, possibly excepting only Homer, the quality of health. Even Carlyle, who, in a long essay, is scrupulous in denying to Scott the epithet of "great," declares that in his possession of this attribute of health, Sir Walter has achieved a pre-eminence that is perhaps worth more to the world than greatness itself.

And yet, this man who was to be looked upon as the very embodiment of sane

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healthfulness, first saw the light amid surroundings so bad that they were, in all probability, the cause of the death of six other children of his father and mother, for six of them had died in infancy. Walter was the third son and ninth child. His parents were well-to-do, and that they lived in surroundings that now would hardly be tolerated in the lower tenement districts was due rather to the fashion or the ignorance of the times and the conditions that prevailed in Edinburgh than to any personal carelessness or any necessity coming from lack of means.

Scott's father was a member of the bar, and in the minute divisions of that body he occupied a more than respectable place, being a Writer to the Signet, that is, a member of the bar corresponding to an English Solicitor.

His mother, who had been Anne Rutherford, came of people who were, as the times went, both refined and educated. On both sides his ancestry was more than reputable,

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DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH (14th Century).

son—JOHN SCOTT, of Harden (called "The Lamiter," or Cripple).

son—WILLIAM SCOTT (called "Boltfoot," (?) from his swiftness).

a descendant—WALTER SCOTT, of Harden (called "Auld Wat," or "Old Walter"), who married Mary Scott, "The Flower of Yarrow."

eldest son—WILLIAM SCOTT, who married Gideon Murray's "ugliest daughter to escape the gallows," Murray giving him the alternative.

third son—WALTER SCOTT, Laird of Raeburn, became a Quaker and suffered persecution (see "Prolegomenon" to "*Heart of Midlothian*").

second son—WALTER SCOTT (called "Beardie"), described in introduction to "*Marmion*," note lxxxi.

ROBERT SCOTT, the farmer at Sandyknowe; see Introduction to Canto Third of "*Marmion*," where he is described. He married, in 1728, Barbara Haliburton.

WALTER SCOTT, Writer to the Signet, born 1729. His portrait is sketched in the elder Fairford, of "*Redgauntlet*."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born 1771.

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for through his father he traced back his line to the Lords of Buccleuch. Sir Walter's grandfather was a fairly prosperous farmer, who lived well, according to the times. His great-grandfather, Walter Scott, went by the name of "Beardie," owing to the fact that he had vowed he would never shave until the restoration of the Stuarts. Two generations back of "Beardie," we come to "Auld Wat," whom we find in the very romantic land of Border raids and fully established as a free-booter carrying on a thriving trade with the Lowlands, wherein he gave only blows in exchange for cattle. Auld Wat's wife was known as "the Flower of Yarrow," being considered notable for her beauty. This lady is said to have found among some plunder, carried over the border, a child whom she brought up. The foundling became the composer of many noted ballads, and his verses made his preserver celebrated.

The reader should by no means miss

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Ruskin's summary of Scott's ancestry in "Fors Clavigera," letter XXXI., which illustrates the family tree in Ruskin's inimitable way.

Of the times and ways suggested to us by these glances at the family tree it will be best to speak when Scott is sent into the scene of old Borderers' exploits. He began his life as a city-reared child. At the time of his birth his father and mother were living in what we should call an alley, a narrow, rather steep, dark and dreadfully dirty side lane, known as College Wynd. Theirs was a set of apartments on the third floor of a house at the top of the Wynd, projecting into New College street.

Exactly how filthy streets of Edinburgh were in the early days one hardly dares tell, but their condition may easily be imagined when it is remembered that there was no way of disposing of household dirt and refuse of all sorts except by throwing it into the street and trusting to the rains to wash it away, or to the efforts of the in-

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efficient scavengers who were supposed to go about every morning. This condition of affairs lasted all through the eighteenth century, and the old writers tell us how, after a warning cry from above, the filth was precipitated into the street from all the windows, at about ten o'clock at night.

Queerly enough, the phrase of warning was French, originally "Garde l'eau!" corrupted by the Scotch tongue into "Gardy loo!" If an unfortunate passenger was below, he was expected to give warning by the shout, "Haud yer hand!" But the chroniclers agree that the deluge often came ere the warning could be given. In the larger streets, or, rather, in the large street—for virtually there was but one, High Street, running from Holyrood to the Castle—the condition of affairs was bad enough, but to picture the state of the narrow wynds staggers the imagination, and leaves little surprise that the world should have been deprived of a half dozen possible novelists. It is only wonderful that amid

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such surroundings a few sturdy infants managed to survive.

The little Walter Scott ran some terrible risks. Born in 1771, on the 15th of August, the first danger he encountered was a consumptive nurse. Luckily, her condition was discovered before long; but about the time when his teething began the child was attacked by some mysterious malady, due, no doubt, to the filth surrounding him, and resulting, after a long illness, in a serious lameness that never left him. About the spring of 1773, it was decided that if the child's life was to be saved he must be sent into the country.

We are not told how the journey was accomplished, but it is not likely that there was more than one way. Both men and women in those days were compelled, except on a few of the best roads, to go on horseback, and we may imagine the two-year-old child being carried in the arms of a nurse, who rode upon a pillion behind a serving-man in the saddle. In this way he

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made the journey along the rough and miry paths—for roads were few and only between the largest towns—to the little hamlet of Sandyknowe, the house of his grandfather, the farmer.

The farm was about sixty miles from Edinburgh. Most likely, the journey required several days and was broken by lodging at inns, which, we are told, “were miserable in the extreme. In country towns they were mean hovels, with dirty rooms, dirty food, and dirty attendants. Servants wore neither shoes nor stockings, the tables were uncovered, guests used their own knives or their own fingers, drink was served in one tin cup, handed about from mouth to mouth. Nor were the inns of Edinburgh so very much better, though fairly clean.” We can well believe that people in those days were reluctant to travel and seldom went from home without compelling cause.

Nor in the house of a small farmer such as Robert Scott was the standard of com-

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fort greatly improved, though undoubtedly the house was cleaner. We have a description of a scene during Scott's visit there in which the sitting-room is described as "a clean, clean parlor." The house was no more than a cottage with a thatched roof covering one story and an attic.

The work upon the farm busied the whole household, and all were accustomed to gather, at night, around the fireside, when the women occupied themselves with spinning, while the men smoked and told their stories. The table arrangements were as primitive as it is possible to imagine. It was not many years before that each member of a farmer's household had his own horn spoon, which was often carried about with him or thrust in his bonnet. Few people of that time, certainly few countrymen, had any idea of cleanliness according to modern standards, a favorite proverb being, "The mair dirt, the less hurt." The dress of both men and women was simple and rude, coarse, home-made woolen being

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the material. Shoes and stockings were unknown except for Sunday wear for the women. Not only were all their garments ragged, but, what was worse, they were seldom washed. Henry Gray Graham, from whose "Social Life of Scotland" these particulars are gathered, sums up by saying, "Everything was poor, rough, and frugal." And, though times were improving, not yet had all traces of the ruder days disappeared.

In this simple farming cottage Scott tells us he first "came to himself." It was this life his earliest memories recalled to him. From what he has told us, we can understand that he was greatly petted by his grandmother and by his aunt, Janet Scott. This kindly woman became a second mother to him, looking sharply after his health and comfort, singing him to sleep at night, and giving him his first acquaintance with that folk-lore of Scotland which was to become his life-long study. The grandfather and grandmother also, as soon as he was able to

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understand them, told him wild stories of the old days on the Border, of the forays into the Lowlands, of the exploits of celebrated leaders, repeating to him legends and ballads and training his ear to love the rhythm of the old romantic verse. It was in this farmhouse that Scott learned his first poem, "The Death of Hardyknute," which he knew by heart before he was able to read. This poem was from a volume by Allan Ramsay, "The Tea-Table Miscellany," and the volume itself is in the library at Abbotsford, containing Scott's statement that it had belonged to his grandfather, and that from it he had learned the first poem he ever knew and "the last he would ever forget."

Not far away from the house stood an old stronghold, what is known as a "peel" in Scotland, called Sandyknowe Tower. W. S. Crockett, in his "Scott Country," declares "it is the most perfect relic of a feudal stronghold in the south of Scotland, and at the height of its power it must have

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been well-nigh impregnable." Like most such strongholds, it is built on a rocky hill whose precipitous sides defend it. The walls are seven to nine feet thick, and the whole stronghold is sixty feet high. From the top of this old tower are visible a dozen localities identified with Scott's later life.

Indoors and out, the earliest days of the little boy from Edinburgh were there passed in imagining the old scenes of strife which made everything about him romantic. Out of doors there were the shepherds and laborers to recount to him traditions of old forays and uprisings and Border fights. Within, when the family were gathered at the fireside, the same imaginative life was kept up and made vivid by readings from old ballads and by the folk-lore that came to him from the lips of his relatives. In the third canto of "Marmion" Scott has told of these things in his own inimitable way, and better than anyone else can do it.

Save for brief visits to neighboring places, Scott spent his first three or four

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years upon this farm, which he did not leave until after the death of his grandfather. William Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets," gives a striking summary of the influences that formed Scott's earliest impressions during these days at his grandfather's little farm. The country itself gave him an outlook upon regions he was afterwards to people with the creations of his own fancy or with revived traditions of their past. From the top of Sandyknowe Tower were to be seen the stately homes of Scottish lairds, the old Abbey of Dryburgh, the mountains where Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of Faërie, the round tower occupied by that seer himself, the Wilderness of Lammermoor, Hume Castle, and Melrose Abbey.

Not only was he thus made familiar with scenes wherein were to be played the mimic dramas he was to imagine, but in or about his grandfather's cottage he met with characters such as were thereafter to play their parts in his stories. Especially are men-

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tioned a scholarly old clergyman, an old Scotch officer, and the aged herdsman, "Sandy Ormistoun," who delighted to take the boy out upon the moor and to recount to him stories of the past. Here, every neighbor was full of reminiscences of the old Border chiefs or of the striking incidents that followed the uprising of 1745 and the dire defeat of Prince Charles at Culloden.

Although various rude experiments were tried to cure the child's lameness, the methods being characterized by the absurdities of the medical practice of the time, the lameness, as has been said, proved permanent, while the boy's health in every other respect was greatly improved.

When Scott was four years of age his grandfather died, having been very old at the time of his grandson's coming to his house. Scott remembered the quaint scenes at the funeral, and speaks of the writing and sealing of the funeral letters and of watching the long procession that followed

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the pall-bearers bearing his grandfather's coffin to the old churchyard.

As it was believed that the mineral waters of Bath might have some effect in helping his lameness, the little boy was sent with his aunt upon that long journey. Returning to Edinburgh, they shipped aboard a small coasting vessel, a smack, and sailed to London, where it is stated that he saw the usual sights—Westminster Abbey and the Tower, Scott mentions—which made a vivid impression upon him. But even the precocious mind of Scott could have received little general impression of London at so early an age.

From London he journeyed to Bath, where he remained for about a year, but without receiving any benefit from its waters so far as his lameness was concerned. In Scott's Autobiography (a fragment included in Lockhart's "Life") there are three points emphasized as remembered of this Bath visit: his first schooling at a "dame's school," his absorbed interest in

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a certain glorious toy-shop, and his unreasoning fear of the statues that were carved on the front of a great church. A pleasure vividly remembered was his being taken out upon the downs in a carriage by the wife of the poet Home, celebrated as the author of "Douglas." Scott's Uncle Robert also helped to make the visit pleasant. This period ended about the middle of 1775, so that Scott's departure from Bath and his return to Edinburgh must have been during the exciting days in America when Revere was riding to give warning of the approach of the British troops; when the battle of Lexington was convincing the world that the war was to begin "right here"; when Ethan Allen was capturing Ticonderoga. It was during the same year that Daniel Boone made his first entrance into the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, and Franklin was appointed the first postmaster-general. It was during the visit to Bath that Scott first saw a play of Shakespeare's, "As You Like It" being

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given while he was there. Scott records, in later years, that he was noisy during the performance, asking aloud during the quarrel between the brothers, Orlando and Oliver, "A'n't they brothers?" for up to this time he had seen no quarreling, being the petted child of a household of older people. He hints that after his return to Edinburgh the sight of a quarrel between brothers would not have surprised him.

After August, 1775, he made a short visit to Edinburgh, but then returned for a time to Sandyknowe.

During this second sojourn at his grandfather's farm, his uncle gave him a Shetland pony, named "Marion." Scott learned to ride the shaggy little animal, and was able to make even wider wanderings over the surrounding country.

Some time after August, 1777, came a visit to the little town of Prestonpans, wherein he made the acquaintance of two men who gave him hints for characters drawn in the Waverley Novels. One of

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these was the veteran soldier, Dalgetty, from whom he sketched some of the characteristics of the famous *Dugald Dalgetty*, of "The Legend of Montrose," the character that so delighted Thackeray. The other was George Constable, whose traits appear in "The Antiquary," for the character of *Jonathan Oldbuck* was drawn from this friend.

An amusing incident Scott records tells of his interest in Burgoyne's campaign in America. The old soldier evidently expected Burgoyne to make a triumphal march southward, while the little boy believed he would be defeated. News of the disastrous battle of Saratoga proved the young military critic to be in the right, much to the chagrin of the veteran.

After Scott had returned to his father's house in George's Square, Edinburgh, and after some tutoring at home, he was sent to school, where he remained for three years, his teachers being Luke Fraser and, later, Alexander Adam, the rector of

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the school. During these early school-days Scott seems to have paid little attention to the regular studies, saying that he, though "an incorrigibly idle imp, was never a dunce."

His lameness, though it still affected his gait, did not prevent his becoming famous as a climber, nor from taking part in the fighting with the town boys, for, as usual in such cases, there were fierce feuds between the scholars of the High School and the boys of the town.

Something of the boy's tastes may be argued from the fact that he became a favorite with his teacher, Adam, who is said to have been well versed in romantic antiquities and to have found his little scholar keenly interested in the same sort of learning.

But these early days of schooling were brought to an end for a while by another attack of illness, making it necessary to send him once more into the country. His aunt Janet and his uncle Robert were now

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living near Kelso, a picturesque, old-fashioned town, which Scott calls the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, village in Scotland, and here the pleasures he had found in the life at Sandyknowe were renewed.

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD IN KELSO AND EDINBURGH

IT would be a very simple matter to summarize in a few brief paragraphs the general history of Scott's boyhood. His schooling was somewhat irregular until he reached the High School at Edinburgh, and, judging by his own account of those days, one would be inclined to attach little importance to his studies so far as they were carried on under his teachers, though his teacher at Kelso, Lancelot Whale, gave the boy a little of his enthusiasm for the Latin authors, and at least one of his Edinburgh teachers succeeded in interesting him in the romantic side of the classics.

But Scott's real schooling did not come at all from teachers. He had one of those

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minds that knows better what is its rightful food than any teacher can decide for it.

Although his lameness had resulted in giving him a limping gait, his long living in country air had made him grow fast and had built up his bodily strength. He was, in a sense, a leader among the boys upon the playground. Always cheerful, healthy-minded, and fond of romping, he attracted to himself the more boyish of his associates; and even those who ranked above him in the class-room could not regard him as stupid. He had developed a wonderful faculty for story-telling. His memory was most unusual, and after reading once or twice an old legend, or even a long rhymed ballad, he could reproduce the incidents, at least, and often the more striking stanzas of the poems.

Besides this faculty, he was noted for his quickness of observation and for possessing a remarkable fund of out-of-the-way knowledge. Even in the class-room he would now and then prove himself able to answer ques-

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tions far beyond the capacity of many who knew the regular lessons better than he. Whenever the teacher called upon his classes for general knowledge, Scott was likely to astonish the rest of the boys and to show at times a range of information exceeding even that of the master himself.

But as a preparation for his future career, the most important hours of his boyhood were those passed in rambling around the highways and byways of the old Border town or in poring over the books in his aunt's house or in the village library. Kelso was a picturesque town, so beautiful, it is said, that Robert Burns, upon viewing it from a commanding height, "gazed upon it, reverently uncovering, and breathing a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty."

Most striking of all its features was the Abbey, whose history extended back to the early years of the twelfth century. We may be sure that Scott became familiar with the long history of this old ruin that overshadowed the town school. The grave-

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yard nearby was the boys' playground, and climbing the crumbling stones of the Abbey was one of the favorite amusements of the boys during their recesses.

The monks who once lived here had busied themselves, after the fashion of their times, in every sort of skilful handiwork, and the establishment had grown stronger with passing years until at one time it possessed over thirty churches, besides manor houses, broad lands, and feudal rights, extending from Aberdeen southward nearly to Durham. Crockett, in his "The Scott Country," gives us a rapid view of the incidents in which the house figured.

Lying upon the Border, it was nearly as often a fortress as a monastery, being besieged and defended now by one party and now by another, and gradually being reduced to a mere ruin, a great, towering, square shell that overshadowed the little one-story school-house at Kelso.

Almost as interesting, historically, are the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, whose orig-

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inal building was erected by the old Saxons upon a point of land just at the joining of the beautiful Tweed and Teviot rivers. King David I., the founder of Kelso Abbey, held court in Roxburgh Castle, "the most famous, as it was by far the strongest, of the Border fortresses. In Scotland's early days these walls had witnessed all the pomp of royalty, had met the shock of war, had dominated the settlements which it overlooked."

Perhaps the third most important feature of the town was Floors Castle, a magnificent house that had been erected nearly sixty years before Scott's day. Scott described the mansion "with its terrace, its woods, and its extensive lawn" as "a kingdom for Oberon or Titania to dwell in."

Besides these memorials of the past, the old town had natural beauties so great that it is here the love of nature was first awakened to life in the future poet. That it abounded in traditions, legends, and Border tales is certain, for of all the Border

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towns of Scotland this is true. Nor did it lack characters who spoke as eloquently of the past as did the old ruins themselves. To us, the most interesting of these is "Edie Ochiltree," the wandering beggar who has been immortalized in "The Antiquary." Scott often met him and has given us a life-like description of this shrewd tatterdemalion. His name was Andrew Gemmels, and his tombstone is in Roxburgh churchyard.

Under a great tree in his aunt's garden, Scott first read Percy's "Reliques," the collection of ancient ballads that, by his own testimony, first made him a poet. He was enraptured with the book, and could not rest until he had saved enough to make it his own. Another book that strongly influenced him at this time was Tasso's poem, "Jerusalem Delivered," and he also here became familiar with the works of the early English novelists.

Among the influences strongly affecting him during his Kelso days must be men-

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tioned also his friendship with Robert Waldie, a Quaker boy whose mother lived in Bridge Street, and owned a large library wherein Scott was allowed to rummage at will and from which he could carry home books that struck his fancy. A picture of this charming Quaker household is drawn in "Redgauntlet," in describing the home of "Joshua Geddes" and his sister Rachel.

Of the friendships made in Kelso the one that was to have the most influence upon Scott's future life was that with the Ballantynes, two brothers, sons of a merchant who kept a shop in the square. Scott tells us that he soon found out that James Ballantyne, who was about one year his senior, was as fond of listening to stories as the junior was of telling them; and they spent many afternoons wandering out upon the road that led to Sandyknowe, or upon the banks of the Tweed, reveling in the romances of old songs, ballads and legends. Ballantyne tells us that when Scott had finished the preparation of his lessons for the next

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day he would whisper, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I will tell you a story." It was Ballantyne who, in later days, was to become Scott's printer, publisher, and partner. But their Kelso friendship was very soon brought to an end, when Ballantyne went up to Edinburgh, where Scott was again to meet him.

Scott's days at Kelso ended virtually in his thirteenth year, though he was to make a subsequent visit to the town. In November of 1783 came his return to Edinburgh, where his father was living, in George's Square, but for some time after the return his school days continued. Instead, however, of the long afternoons spent in wandering by the River Tweed with James Ballantyne, we now find the schoolboy busied in out-of-school hours with the squabbles that seem inevitable in town life, where youngsters of different social rank are brought in contact. These, as Scott himself tells us in an appendix to "Waverley," "were maintained with great vigor, with

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stones and sticks and fisticuffs." The boys who dwelt in George's Square were organized into a sort of a company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colors, and engaged in constant warfare with "hardy loons, chiefly of the lower rank, who threw stones to a hair's-breadth and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters." These quarrels often, by the coming of larger and larger crowds of boys, became very serious affairs, and older helpers were sometimes drawn in on both sides.

Scott tells a long story of a worthy champion among their enemies who was nicknamed "Green Breeks," who was struck senseless with a sword by one of Scott's own party. Whether either of the Scott brothers was responsible for striking down this adversary is not plain from the story as Scott tells it, but at all events they were busied in trying to bribe him to keep silence about the blow, and his noble refusal to be bribed, while he scorned to betray the criminal, so impressed Walter

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and his brother Thomas that long afterward they had some thought of making "Green Brecks" the hero of a novel. No inquirer after the facts of Scott's boyhood should fail to read this interesting story, as it gives in very vivid form a picture of what must have been a most exciting part of his Edinburgh life.

These fights were carried on during the summer, but winter also had its martial scenes among the boys of Edinburgh. One of the old gates of the town was called Cowgate Port, and it was a favorite exploit of Scott and his schoolfellows to gather at this narrow entrance, to defy the town guard, greeting them with a shower of snowballs when they attempted to dislodge the youthful garrison. In later years, when the gateway had been torn down, the novelist says, "To recollect that I, however naturally disqualified, was one of these juvenile dreadnaughts, is a sad reflection to one who cannot now step over a brook without assistance."

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As to the scholastic studies of this period, Scott shows the same dislike for the regular routine as before, declaring that he had resolved to forswear Latin and Greek because he could not maintain a proper rank with his fellows in these studies; but it is a proof that he was not lacking in studious habits that he during these early years learned enough of Italian to read his favorite, Tasso, in the original, and to acquaint himself with the chivalrous legends of Ariosto. He also learned quite a little of French and Spanish.

Instead of his old listener, Ballantyne, he now had attracted another schoolfellow, John Irving, with whom he visited Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, the Braid Hills, and similar romantic spots in the outskirts of Edinburgh. Irving seems to have been able to tell tales as well as to listen to them, for Scott says: "We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which we continued from one day to an-

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other as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion."

But these pleasant wanderings were brought to an end by a severe illness which for several weeks confined Scott to his bed, "during which time," he says, "I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane."

To cheer this long confinement Scott reveled in the stories of the circulating library, reading romances, plays, and poetry, and seeking in histories and more serious work similar stories to those he enjoyed in works of fiction.

Again he was sent to Kelso, when able to travel, and at this time his stay was made the pleasanter because his uncle had bought there the pretty home then known as "Rosebank," but now renamed "Waverley Cottage," and still in existence, though somewhat altered.

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At about this time, he tells us, he tried his talents at painting and at music, and came to the conclusion he could never make a success in either art. He had, however, already composed three poems, which appear among his collected works. The first is a description of Mt. Etna, written in 1782, and preserved by his mother; the second and third describing respectively a thunderstorm and a sunset were written in 1783.

As far back as the Sandyknowe days Scott had been collecting the old ballads that still remained in the memory of the country folk, and he never forgot to add to his collection whenever, from the lips of a lover of antiquity or from the pages from an old book, he could come upon bits of fossil poetry. In Kelso he had found a few, and in Edinburgh Mrs. Irving, the mother of his friend John, was able to repeat many ballads to him by heart. But the young collector showed some discrimination, and was careful to add to his collection only such

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as appealed to his taste. Another influence that turned him more decidedly to the study of early Scottish poetry was a then recently published volume, "Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative," though he did not buy this collection until he was actually at work in acquiring the legal profession.

We must not, in thinking of Scott as a student at Edinburgh University, imagine that the routine of this institution of learning in any way resembled that of our American colleges. The university of his day was little more than a series of lectures. Except while listening to the learned men who presented their views to the students, there was nothing to bind the students together in any social life. They did not live in dormitories, and consequently had not that oneness of life and aim that would bind them together and give them loyalty to the institution. In the English universities the system of private tutoring brings about some personal acquaintance between student and instructor, but in the Scotch uni-

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versity there was not even this contact between the faculty and those whom they taught. Consequently Scott's home life and his intimacies were neither interrupted nor greatly changed during the year and a half while he was attending lectures, and he had no such close connection with the institution as identifies Milton with Cambridge.

Nevertheless, tested by results, the Scotch training can hardly be said to be inferior to any other system. The list of distinguished graduates is too long to permit the undervaluing of the method of instruction at Edinburgh University. A brief list of names will indicate how honorable a roll of graduates might be made up, for to Edinburgh must be credited Hume, the historian; Dugald Stewart, a most distinguished philosophical author; Boswell, greatest of biographers; John Wilson and Christopher Wilson; Lord Brougham, one of the most able of public men; Sir David Brewster, celebrated for his works on optics; Thomas Carlyle,

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Charles Darwin, and, in our own days, Robert Louis Stevenson.

The attendance on lectures at the university continued even beyond the period when it had been decided that Scott was to study law, and had been apprenticed to his father as a preparation for following the same career. Although the study of law required a painstaking plodding, yet it was not altogether distasteful. We have seen already how his fondness for antiquarian lore had led the young student to study the facts underlying the fictions in which he delighted. From legends he had gone to history, and it was but a further step in the same direction when he turned his attention to the legal foundations upon which much of the incidents of both romance and history are dependent; for law is, after all, the bony framework which supports the flesh of history, and upon both depend the form and fashion which their outer garment, fiction, must take.

It was a most fortunate preparation for

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his literary career that he should have been taught habits of system, accuracy and orderliness; and all these came to him as a result of his long training in the strict school of the Scottish legal education. Hudson, in his "Life of Scott," says forcibly: "In theory, the law everywhere bore reminiscences and suggestions of the feudal past; while in practice it afforded a rare opportunity for the study of many interesting, if not always admirable, aspects of human nature."

Among other studies necessary to fit himself for the bar was that of civil law, and a class at the university upon this subject was attended by Scott during 1788, and here he formed the acquaintance of William Clerk, who became an intimate much as Ballantyne and Irving had done, owing to a sympathy with Scott's antiquarian tastes. Through Clerk and other friends of his young manhood Scott now began to meet some of the literary society of the capital. In other words, he had ceased to

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be reckoned among the youths of the place, and was entering upon manhood.

Perhaps the most marked incident of his later youth in Edinburgh is the well known meeting with Robert Burns, whom, however, Scott had once or twice seen before, in Sibbald's circulating library, Parliament Square, Edinburgh. The meeting was in the house of Adam Fergusson. Burns became much interested in a pathetic picture upon the walls. His attention was directed to Scott because the young man was the only one of the company who could give the author of the lines under the engraving. Burns' appreciation was shown by a kind word, which Scott never forgot. It is said that the words spoken by Burns to Scott were these: "You will be a man yet," which, save for their source, do not seem especially striking. From Scott's description of the older poet one passage, at least must be quoted: "The eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast,

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and glowed—I say, literally glowed—when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in the human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.”

CHAPTER IV

LAW STUDENT AND ADVOCATE

THE years that covered Scott's boyhood were those between the beginning of the American Revolution and the adoption of the United States Constitution; his youth, in other words, coincided with that of our own nation, and he entered upon manhood just about the time that America took her place among the nations. He was just over six years old at the time of the hanging of Nathan Hale, and but a few months older when Washington crossed the Delaware. During his seventh year came the terrible winter at Valley Forge; he was about nine when John Paul Jones was fighting off Flamborough Head, and when he was ten came Arnold's treason and the hanging of

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André. The surrender of Yorktown came the next year, and Scott was about thirteen when England recognized American independence by the Treaty of Paris. It was in the month after Scott's return to Edinburgh from Kelso that Washington made his farewell address to his officers at Fraunces' Tavern, New York.

We shall understand something of the social progress of the time by remembering that in Scott's fourteenth year the first letters were despatched by mail coach in England, and the first trial of a lifeboat at sea took place. This boat was built by a London coach-builder, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and it saved several lives in the first year of its use. But the officials of the government would have nothing to do with the new-fangled notion until five years afterward, a terrible wreck where many lives were lost calling the attention of all England to the need of a boat that would live in the breakers.

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About this time also there was great interest in that new scientific toy, the balloon, a novelty that often formed a topic of conversation among people interested in forecasting the future, for the annals of the time contained notices of many ascensions.

But far more important than these experiments were those made by James Watt, who had just about succeeded in lessening the great cost of the fuel burned to operate steam engines and in making them more serviceable. Even this great improvement did not make a market for the new machine that was within a few years to transform the industries of the world. In order to sell his engines, Watt was forced to offer them without price unless they would save their cost within a year's use. Nothing was to be more instrumental in putting to an end the old days so dear to Scott than the transformation of industry destined to follow upon the introduction of steam power; but at the time when Scott was just beginning his studies in his father's office

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Watt was yet laboring to introduce his distrusted inventions to a few unwilling merchants.

Some reference has already been made to the great improvements in cotton-spinning, but these, like the steam-engine and the balloon, were after all mere indications of an awakening scientific spirit that now first found scope. Intelligent men everywhere were criticising, investigating and inventing. Inquiries were being made into many a conventional abuse, and people were beginning to think that perhaps they themselves were responsible for wrongs that in the old days had been accepted as inevitable or blamed upon bad rulers. John Howard, the philanthropist, about this time began visiting hospitals and prisons, and laying bare their deeds of darkness, their sins of neglect and omission; and with John Howard should be as honorably remembered Dr. Willis, the first who treated lunatics with kindness. Vogue to this physician's theories was given because he had

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been called in to treat George III. and had predicted his recovery from temporary insanity.

Perhaps one can most briefly sum up the tendency of the time by saying that it was one of scientific progress, without pausing to call attention to such illustrations of practical advance as the building of canals, which made the conveyance of goods cheaper, safer, and more certain; the invention of tubular boilers, a most notable advance in safety and efficiency; the manufacture of lace by machinery, the making of the Argand burner and the wonderfully ingenious Bramah locks; or, in the more theoretical field, Priestley's discovery of oxygen, Cavendish's researches in electricity.

We may fairly ascribe to about this period the first stirrings of that spirit which made the nineteenth century notable for the greatest material advances since historical records began.

I do not know where to find in any brief form an article exhibiting the nature of the

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forces at work during the years from 1750 to 1800 better than Frederic Harrison's essay on "The Eighteenth Century," in his volume, "The Choice of Books." So closely interwoven are his facts with the deductions from them that it is impossible to give any idea of the strength of his presentation by quoting brief passages. But if we wish to understand the nature of the time, to appreciate the spirit underlying the developments that led to the most important events of the next hundred years, we shall find them eloquently set forth in Harrison's brilliant essay. Briefly put, the abolition of slavery showed more than anything else the spirit of that age, for this resulted from a new understanding of the worth of each individual man, from the recognition that each of us owes a duty to every other, and that governments must recognize the rights of the humblest under their sway. Up to that time it was hardly an exaggeration to say that the individual was nothing; since that time, if anything, the rights of the in-

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dividual have been regarded with too much solicitude.

As an example of the far-reaching effects that have followed from this awakening of an interest in others' welfare, even in the breast of one man, few things are more striking than the results that followed upon the attempts of a poor man to teach a few neglected children some of the simplest truths of religion. Robert Raikes was the son of a Gloucester printer and published a little newspaper. About 1780 he gathered together a few children and began to teach them on Sundays. Publishing some notices of his work, his accounts of it were copied into the London papers, and from this began that whole vast organization that to-day extends throughout the globe—the International Sunday-schools. The influence of these institutions in spreading an intelligent view of everything relating to religion and to church organization can hardly be overestimated, and all can be traced to Robert Raikes' interest in the

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children of his neighbors in Gloucester. This is merely another instance of the stupendous growth of an idea when planted in proper soil, and is an indication of the general philanthropic spirit that was so widespread in Scott's youth.

The whole modern science of political economy, of which all organized philanthropy may be considered an outgrowth, began with the writings of Adam Smith, a Scotchman who died in Edinburgh in the summer of 1790, and who was a friend of Hume, Hugh Blair, Reynolds, Garrick, and Dr. Johnson. Although for a time in London, the last twelve years of his life were passed in Edinburgh, where Scott may often have seen him. It is not unlikely that the novel theories set forth in his book, "The Wealth of Nations," may have been discussed in the several debating societies of which Scott was a member. Much as the students of our own day meet in their fraternities and Greek-letter societies, the young men of this time were accustomed to

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get together to exercise themselves in debate, writing and speechmaking. To several of these organizations Scott belonged, and though he did not distinguish himself particularly in debate, here, as in his old school days, his wide general knowledge, and particularly his close acquaintance with the past, marked him out as exceptional.

The most noted of these clubs was called "The Speculative Society," and consisted chiefly of members of the bar or law students. In this club Scott seems to have been especially active, serving at first as librarian and afterwards as secretary and treasurer. From the pen of one of the members, Francis Jeffrey, two years Scott's junior, and then a student at the bar, we have an account of one of the meetings where Scott presented himself with his head swathed in a great night-cap. This head-gear was excused on the plea of a severe toothache.

During the evening Scott read an essay upon ballads which was so unusual that

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Jeffrey begged an introduction to the author. This young man Jeffrey, after a brilliant career at the bar, made an even more distinguished name for himself as editor and critic in the influential pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. The value of these societies to Walter Scott was very great, as he ascribed to them the beginning of his acquaintance with the most intelligent young men of his time, and he also believed that he gained greatly in self-confidence from the opportunity of measuring himself with others.

It must not be supposed, however, that these days of training for the bar were given up entirely to the writing of essays, the copying of legal documents, and abstruse studies. Drinking was far more common than now, and the young man of the time often indulged in suppers and roistering at the taverns. Scott was a hail-fellow-well-met with the rest, though his old companions have borne witness that he was regarded as the most temperate among them,

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and declared that many a bickering among them was made right by his intervention, for his quiet, good sense rendered him an excellent peacemaker.

There was also at this time no cessation of the country wanderings that were so great a delight to Scott, as a lover of nature and an observer of mankind. Scott's lameness at first threatened to interfere with his partaking in his friends' ramblings, but rather than lose his company it was agreed to adopt a pace which their slightly crippled companion could support. Often these outings lasted more than a day, and at times Walter was absent from home more than a week.

There is recorded a little dialogue between him and his father, in which the son remarked, "I only wish I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' If I had his art I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I greatly doubt, sir,"

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was the father's reply, "you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrapegut," which in English is "wandering fiddler."

But lest this humorous remark may be taken seriously, it must be said that the legal studies were neither light nor neglected. Scott's industry was always remarkable. Together with his friend William Clerk he read faithfully in the law books, rising early enough to reach before seven o'clock his friend's house, which was two miles distant; and, notwithstanding the late suppers, the rambles in the country, and the law studies, Scott's own tastes led him to undergo an enormous amount of miscellaneous reading and book-browsing.

From Lockhart's "Life of Scott" we learn that two of the young student's notebooks kept during this time are filled with proofs of his interests in a dozen literary subjects. In these books are extracts from favorite authors, bits of conversation he wished to remember, copies of favorite poems, notes of old legal cases that seemed

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to him to contain especially interesting episodes, and odd items that can be classed under no other head than general knowledge—bits of etymology from Ducange's "Medieval Latin Dictionary," notes upon what is now known as folk-lore, lists of old ballads, and even transcriptions of antique alphabets, such as the Runic.

It was four years before Scott's admission to the bar that the English Parliament began to debate the question of abolition of slavery, and the formal abolition, though it was to be gradual, was voted just about as he was admitted to the bar. But the state of public sentiment was such that the agitation, once started, was certain to bring about what the abolitionists and their friends had been laboring for for so many years.

The sympathy with personal liberty had shown itself especially by a keen interest throughout England in the efforts of the French people to rid themselves of the relics of medieval tyranny. The grave ques-

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tions which had long been pressing for settlement were at last brought to a crisis, in 1788-9, by the financial state of the French kingdom. Failing to raise revenue by any other means, the king was forced to bring together the legislative assembly, the "States General." This body of men were compelled to array themselves against the king and upper classes just as Parliament had been forced to take up arms against King Charles I.

Naturally, every move in their struggle was watched with intense interest by all educated men in England, and their sympathy was with the people until they were shocked and terrified by the excesses of the revolutionists a year or two later. London had its Revolutionary Society that sent congratulations to the national assembly of Paris, and in July of 1790 an English nobleman gave a dinner of six hundred covers at a tavern in the Strand in celebration of the French Revolution. At the same time, in Birmingham, there were riots directed

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against those liberal Englishmen who seemed to favor the French rebellion against authority, and the seriousness of the outbreak is shown by the fact that a mob burned the house of the learned Dr. Priestley because of his liberal sympathies.

Among the minor events of the time must be recorded the celebrated mutiny upon the ship "Bounty," though the happenings which gave it its great importance were unknown to the world for nearly a generation later. Owing, it is believed, partly to the bad management and uncompromising temper of Captain Bligh his men mutinied and set their officers adrift, afterward taking possession of the ship and sailing away to parts unknown. Some of the men were captured and executed, and it was believed that the rest had perished. Nothing was heard of them for many a long year, but, as was later discovered, a few of them had succeeded in carrying some native women to an unknown islet in the Pacific ocean, and here terrible quarrels re-

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sulted in the death of all but one of the sailors. Left alone with the natives, he had been horrified into a complete reformation of his character, and had begun to teach and instruct the little community that, except for him, was sure to relapse into barbarism. But all this was not to be known until a much later date.

The impeachment of Warren Hastings and the death of the Pretender, in France, indicated the end of one long series of events and the beginning of another hardly less momentous.

CHAPTER V

BEGINS LAW AND LITERATURE

IF we could have been present in Professor Fergusson's house during the party which saw the meeting between Burns and Scott we should undoubtedly have been greatly amused by the quaint costumes there worn.

Scott himself was dressed somewhat like the modern boys at Eton, in a short, round-about jacket and broad, white collar, and tight trousers ending at the ankle.

Burns would be less conspicuous for difference from the standard of to-day, but certain peculiarities in the cut of his coat, such as the very heavy roll of the collar and the breadth of the lapels, and the height to which the collar rose in the back,

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would strike us as quaint, to say the least. The waistcoat, lighter in color than the coat, is much shown because the outer garment is cut like a modern dress-coat. A pair of light-colored breeches and top boots would complete a costume suggestive of the typical figure known as "John Bull." Other gentlemen of the party, if we may trust the drawing which represents the scene, wore knee-breeches, silk stockings and low pumps, and upon their heads were mounted the familiar white tie-wigs with little rolls of curls above the ears.

The ladies of the party were chiefly different in their attire from those of our own day by wearing gowns much looser and more voluminous, and because of their caps of lawn.

But Scott's time is not so far distant that we need to be continually reminding the reader of these differences in minor matters between his days and our own. His own novels have helped us by the creation of figures that still live in our minds to

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picture to ourselves the young men who were his companions during his earlier legal studies and after he became an advocate. When he had completed his studies under his father—an apprenticeship of five years—he entered upon a still further course, with the purpose of being admitted an advocate, behind which determination we may suspect a romantic motive, for these were the days of Scott's first love affair.

Coming one day from Greyfairs church, it is said that he escorted home Miss Williamina Stuart Belsches. This young lady was the daughter of a woman who had been a friend of Scott's mother in earlier days, and her father was an acquaintance of Scott's father, being an advocate at the bar, a grade slightly higher than that of Writer to the Signet.

It may have been with some idea of approaching nearer to this family in social position that Scott resolved himself to be admitted as an advocate. It is difficult for an American to understand the importance

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given to the minor ranks of the nobility at that time. The young lady's grandmother was a countess, which practically means little more than that she had a landed estate in Scotland. But this tincture of noble blood it may have been that wrecked Scott's hopes of winning his first love. Different views of his romance are presented in the biographies; but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, after giving young Scott some encouragement, at least enough to assure his faithful service for five or six years, Williamina made a marriage which she considered more ambitious than would have been an alliance with the penniless young advocate. For a long period, at least, Scott could not look upon his love as hopeless, and he desired to gain advancement in life by working faithfully at his legal career.

Before the culmination of this romance, however, there was ample evidence that even so strong a motive could not entirely withdraw Scott's attention from those subjects which won his heart. In 1792, while

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he was devoting himself faithfully to his duties as a lawyer, being in constant attendance at the Parliament House, where the courts met, there is plenty to show that he had not changed in character. His contemporaries at the bar recall him as entertaining the throng of young lawyers with the same sort of romantic stories that had formerly delighted his school companions. He seemed overflowing with the lore of the country. Whatever the topic of conversation, Scott was always ready with some old-time story, some historic incident, or some apposite legend from the richly stored treasure-house of his memory.

When the court sittings were over in the autumn Scott felt free to follow his own tastes. He was irresistibly attracted into continuing the same studies of the past that had busied him in his boyhood at Smailholme and at Kelso. It was in this year, 1792, that he began a series of expeditions into the border country, Liddesdale. Just as when a boy he had delighted to ride

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abroad upon his pony in the neighborhood of Sandyknowe, and to listen to the tales of the peasantry, so as a young advocate he made wider expeditions upon horseback into those Border regions that had but a few years before been the scene of bloody raids, fierce skirmishes, and countless romantic adventures. For seven years every autumn saw his incursion into these regions so rich in memorials of the old stirring times. Usually with but a single companion, he rode about the countryside, lodging wherever night overtook them, collecting fragments of ballads, bits of tradition and occasional relics. The small hamlets which thus became familiar to him may be said to be a contemporary past, for although the union with England had so greatly changed the commercial life of Scotland and entirely recreated urban society, it was long after his time that this influence could extend far beyond the areas strongly influenced by city life.

Critics who have closely studied the ma-

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terial used in the Waverley Novels have pointed out how he has interwoven into their fabric the experiences gained during these raids into Liddesdale; for they brought him not only wide knowledge of noted buildings, storied localities, and the conditions of country life, but also made him thoroughly familiar with the peculiarities of dialect, quaint traits of character, and the odd personalities who still survived to show the character of the old dwellers upon the border. From Lockhart's "Life" Carlyle quotes a general description of the countryside covered by Scott's wanderings.

It is said no wheeled vehicle was upon the roads until five or six years after Scott's first visit. No inn or public house existed, travelers being compelled to lodge at one time in the lonely hut of a shepherd, at another in the more pretentious, though sometimes hardly more comfortable, minister's manse. As usual in such regions, there was abundant hospitality, oftenest expressed in pressing invitations to drink. Illicit dis-

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tilling was very common at the time, and the houses of the peasantry had little to offer to strangers except the home-brewed whisky.

Scott's companion, who was an official of Roxburgh, gives a most attractive picture of Scott's warm-hearted affability to all they met. This seemed condescension, according to the ideas of the time, for an Edinburgh advocate was no small personage in the rural districts.

It is doubtful whether the collecting of old ballads, songs, tunes and relics was due to a conscious purpose of making use of them for literary purposes. Possibly, by Scott himself, these country excursions were considered as no more than vacation rambles, and it was merely his delight in old ballads that made him eager to gather up whatever would make the days of old a more vivid reality in his mind.

While Scott was thus delving into the past some of his literary contemporaries were equally busied with the events of the

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present and with wild dreams of the future; 1792 to 1795 saw the most bloody scenes of the French Revolution. Wordsworth, who was at Cambridge, had hastened to France, where he lived for a year, forming friendships with the French group of reformers known as the Girondists. Coleridge also, believing that mankind was at the dawn of a new era, was engaged in planning an ideal community that should arise in the new world. Southey was so affected by the new French liberalism as to tincture his writings with most inflammatory opinions. But Scott, with his shrewd common sense, was not led to any essential change in his political opinions. It may be that his absorption in the hopeless pursuit of his unattainable lady-love prevented him from indulging in Utopian dreams for mankind.

Together with law, love, and legend, Scott about this time was devoting himself to the acquisition of the German language. Before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to which Scott belonged, it happened that

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Henry Mackenzie, a well-known author, chiefly remembered now for his book, "The Man of Feeling," read an interesting paper upon the "German Theatre." In England it was a period when both poets and novelists were formal and lacked feeling, whereas in Germany romanticism, with all its life, vigor and attractiveness to the young, was in full career. From Mackenzie's lecture Scott was led to such an interest in the German literature that he was one of those who soon after formed a class to study the language. Though the new-born enthusiasm of many of the class soon died, Scott's thoroughness stood him in good stead, for he persevered until he had at last a fair reading acquaintance with German and was thus able to appreciate the writers of the new school. In 1794 or a little later the celebrated Mrs. Barbauld read to some friends, while visiting in Edinburgh, a translation of the German ballad "Lenore."

Scott was not there, but learning that the

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ballad had been greatly admired, after some difficulty secured a copy of the original, and found it so delightful, particularly by reason of a striking refrain, that he sat up an entire night to translate it into his own stirring verse. This poem was printed by a friend in order that it might be presented in proper form to Scott's lady-love. This was the origin of Scott's first serious attempt to revive the old ballad poetry, and therefore the real beginning of his literary career.

Thus, indirectly we may trace the entry of Scott into the world of letters to his attachment for Miss Belsches, who, by the way, is usually called Miss Stuart, for the reason that her family added that name to their own. It is said of her that she seemed peculiarly attractive to men of talent and genius, though she was only in her girlhood during Scott's courtship, being married at the age of twenty in January, 1797. Her miniature gives us no clew to the fascination she seemed to exert over so many of

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her friends, and, indeed, her power is ascribed to that mysterious quality often called by the name of "charm." What she seemed to Scott himself may be gathered from his description of her, for in depicting the heroine of his poem, "Rokeby," it is known that he had in mind Miss Stuart. Much of Scott's description is devoted to her person, and we can divine the reason for the charm she exerted only from those lines in which he represents her as vivacious and changeable in mood, so that at one time she was gay and by a quick transition became at another serenely grave. It is easy to understand how a young lady so appreciative and sympathetic, however, delighted the more genial and less excitable nature of the young advocate. He is described as being at the time eminently handsome, tall, of good figure and presence, with fresh, brilliant complexion, bright, intelligent eyes, and a smile that gained one's sympathy at once.

Both were deeply interested in the litera-

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ture of their day, and discussed many questions in their correspondence. At last Scott seems to have declared himself to her in a long letter, and to have received from her a reply, of which he says that it was read with "admiration of her generosity and candor." But she certainly was unwilling either to give him an absolute refusal or to allow their friendship to be changed to any closer relation.

Not very long after this interchange of letters Scott went to visit Sir John Stuart at his home in the country, and during this time he was made finally to understand that his love was hopeless.

The disappointment was one from which Scott never recovered, and he seems to have sought consolation by making during the next two years several excursions into the country.

The Waverley Novels, although they deal with almost every grade of human emotion, have been found by some critics to be lacking in that very element which is or-

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dinarily regarded as the most popular and most available of all motives for stories of romance, namely, passionate love. It is not meant that this motive is entirely wanting, but, taking all Scott's novels together, it may certainly be said that he gives less prominence to love than would be expected from so voluminous and versatile a writer. He writes of it without enthusiasm.

If this be true, the nature of his own love affair with Miss Stuart no doubt is to blame. After so bitter a disappointment, and after an experience so painful that it left a wound from which he never recovered, it is very natural that Scott should have dreaded to dwell at length upon fictitious situations that must have revived the memory of his own early suffering. Too sane and wholesome in his nature to become morbid, yet there was left in his soul a lifelong reluctance to dwell upon a theme that never ceased to be painful. Even his marriage, which was a happy one, did not entirely efface from his heart the image of

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his first love nor cure the grief caused by her refusal of him.

Miss Stuart's defenders have claimed that she never felt more than a strong friendship for Scott, and that her whole heart was given to Sir William Forbes, to whom she was married, and with whom certainly she led a happy and devoted married life. If, however, it was ambition that led her to refuse Scott, her reflections when Scott by the publication of "Marmion," had made himself famous, must have been anything but satisfactory.

Besides his excursions into the country, there fortunately happened to be, during these bitter days, another absorbing interest to help Scott bear his troubles. In 1797 all England was apprehensive of a French invasion, and after the usual manner of the land whenever such danger threatens, everybody began to discuss the formation of a capable militia. Scott's patriotic soul was roused, and he threw himself eagerly into the organization of a body of voluntary

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cavalry, even offering to sell his collection of old coins to help defray expenses. Knowing what this sacrifice meant to his antiquarian spirit, we can appreciate how great the crisis seemed to him and how eager he was to lend all aid to his imperiled country. A memorial of this brief excitement exists in the miniature painted at the time, showing Scott in uniform. This miniature portrait reminds one strongly of the portraits of the generals of our Revolutionary War. In fact, it might, at a cursory glance, be taken for an early portrait of George Washington. There is the same high, gold-embroidered collar, the same white wig, smooth-shaven face and lace tie that is so familiar to us in the Revolutionary uniform, though, of course, this represents a date fourteen years later.

CHAPTER VI

HIS MARRIAGE AND FIRST LITERARY WORK

IN order that we may realize how well-founded was the widespread fear of the French invasion we must remember that during Scott's long and hopeless courtship Napoleon Bonaparte was beginning the career that was to make him in a few years virtually dictator of Europe. So long as the campaigns of the French were confined to the Continent, England's share in the wars was limited to the financial backing of the smaller powers in their struggle against the rapid expansion of the French frontiers and the extension of French domination.

But by 1796-7 France had so far prevailed over her continental enemies that,

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by an alliance with Spain and Holland, she was contemplating even the subjugating of England. As usual, Ireland was selected as the most disaffected portion, and a scheme was devised having for its object the landing of twenty thousand men in the island.

The first enterprise came to naught because of a great storm, which scattered the enemy's fleet and strewed the shores of Bantry Bay with wrecks. A second attempt was projected, and this time it was planned that the Spanish and French fleets combined should hold England's navy in check, making an opportunity for the Dutch to land an invading force in Ireland, as before.

This was the threat that so alarmed all classes in England, and led to hundreds of organizations similar to that in whose equipment Scott was so interested. There is no question that the danger was very real and very great. That it was averted without calling into the field the cavalrymen of which Scott was quartermaster was,

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perhaps, due to Commodore Nelson's refusal to see the signal of recall that would have prevented him from dashing into the enemy's battle-line. At all events, the battle of St. Vincent restored the supremacy of the sea to the English fleet and made the feared invasion impossible.

But it was these historic events that caused the stay-at-home Scotch advocate to assume the uniform of a quartermaster of dragoons. These victories were also most valuable to England in restoring the morale of her fleet, which had been seriously threatened by two great mutinies, one at Spithead and the other at the Nore.

The disaffection among the sailors, owing to poor food and bad treatment, was so great that at one time the English admiral, Duncan, who had been stationed at the mouth of the Texel to prevent the emerging of the Dutch expedition, found himself with but his own vessel to compose the fleet. Had the Dutch suspected that he was alone all would have been lost, but

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the ingenious Scotch admiral, in accordance with Richelieu's maxim, eked out the scant lion's skin with that of the fox, making shrewdness compensate the lack of force. He kept his signal-men busy hoisting and lowering flags all day, as if making signals to a large fleet, thus causing the Dutch to regard him only as one of the great fleet of ships concealed behind the horizon. Later in the campaign, when he was fortunate enough to be once more in command of his fleet, he defeated the Dutch in a great sea fight off Camperdown, for which victory he was raised to the dignity of baron and viscount of Great Britain, becoming Baron Camperdown and Viscount Duncan.

But several months before this victory all danger that Scott's services would be required must have passed, since we find him making a visit to the English lakes.

While he was out riding early one morning he was suddenly passed by a young lady, also on horseback, who was riding at

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great speed. This was the first sight of her who was to become Lady Scott. The same evening he met her at a party, took her to supper, and must have been greatly attracted, for, instead of leaving the lakes the next morning as he had intended, he remained to seek a longer acquaintance, and ended by winning her hand.

This young girl was the daughter of French parents. Her mother had run away from Paris with the Marquis of Downshire, and M. Charpentier, or Carpenter, instead of pursuing his wife, had contented himself with forwarding to her care their two children. Lord Downshire had provided a governess for the young girl, and with this governess she was traveling at the lakes when Scott met her.

Within three months from the date of their engagement the couple were married. Their marriage took place on the day before Christmas, in 1797, and was celebrated in the cathedral church of Carlisle. That the wedding was a quiet one we may

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be sure, since we are told that on the same day the young couple departed on top of a coach for 108 George Street, Edinburgh, where they settled down in small lodgings for a while. But it was not very long before they removed to a house of their own, what is queerly called a "self-contained" house, in South Castle Street.

Although during the years that had elapsed from his admission to the bar to his marriage Scott had very faithfully attended to his duties as an advocate, yet it was continually becoming more evident to himself and his friends that he was not likely to attain distinction at the bar, nor to find law a congenial profession. Though, as we have seen, Scott was always hail-fellow-well-met with all classes, yet he was in certain respects very sensitive, and several happenings during his practice seem to have made a most unpleasant impression upon him and to have given him a dislike for the active duties of an advocate.

In James Hay's "Life of Scott" a few

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incidents illustrative of his experience at the Scotch bar are told in such a way as to show of how little importance were the cases brought to him and how unpleasant were the experiences which their trial involved. In two instances where he appeared in defence of criminals it is stated that his fees amounted to a hare and a bit of advice informing him what was the best protection against burglars! Most important of his cases was that of a clergyman who had been accused of drunkenness and immorality. In this case Scott was unfortunate enough to offend the dignity of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, before whom he was pleading. To quote from Hay: "Instantly the leader of the House rose, sternly called Scott to order and administered a severe rebuke. The House cheered. That cheer was the death-knell to the professional career of Scott."

Nevertheless, the young advocate gradually secured a practice that brought him about two hundred pounds a year, and this,

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with his wife's jointure of five hundred pounds annually, gave him a little competence which enabled him to devote his leisure with some peace of mind to writing.

In 1799 he secured the appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, which was really equivalent to giving up the more active practice of his profession. Scott himself says in his preface to *Waverley* that he "assumed the character of a follower of literature for several years before he seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances otherwise than being written in verse."

That his first essay in writing took the ballad form may be ascribed to a number of influences, primarily to his admiration for Percy's "*Reliques*," the volume that had been such a revelation to him in his boyhood. Scott's sympathy with the old ballad poetry had come about naturally enough from the wonder tales he had listened to at

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Sandyknowe, the many scraps of old ballads he had collected during his seven years' "raiding" into Liddesdale, and from his ancestral sympathy with the personages whose exploits were celebrated in old ballads.

About the time of his marriage he had produced a translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen." The actual beginning of his professional authorship was in a pretty little cottage on the outskirts of Lasswade, a village a few miles from Edinburgh. The cottage still stands, and even its old thatched roof has been preserved in order that it may present the same appearance as when occupied by Scott during the summers for six years after his marriage.

Readers of Scott will not need to be told that this village is the original of "Gandercleugh," described in the preface to the "Tales of My Landlord." Scott's study in his cottage is said to have been a cheerful room, with a circular window looking

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out on a little meadow. This translation was the first real publication from his pen under his own name.

In 1798 Scott's friend, Erskine, being in London, happened to show to Matthew Gregory Lewis his friend's translation of "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman," which had been published in 1796 without the name of the translator. Lewis was then much celebrated as the author of a romance called "The Monk," a wildly romantic and melodramatic novel which had found its inspiration in the new romanticism of Goethe and Schiller.

Lewis was then collecting material for a volume to be entitled "Tales of Wonder," and was very glad to avail himself of Scott's assistance in the preparation of that work. Lewis, coming to Edinburgh, invited Scott to dine with him, and the co-operation was arranged. Although the book did not appear for several years, yet Scott prepared for it a number of his earlier poems and translations, and learned much

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from the severe criticisms of Lewis upon his rhymes and rhythm.

It was through Lewis's intervention that "Goetz von Berlichingen" was published, and it is believed that Scott's study of this medieval drama convinced him of the possibility of making use of the large stores of legends which he had accumulated.

In the autumn of 1799 Scott visited Kelso, and found there his old school-fellow, James Ballantyne, who had given up the law and was now issuing a newspaper. In order to keep his types busy, Scott made the suggestion that Ballantyne might print a number of his ballads and translations, which, as specimens of his work, might be shown to the Edinburgh publishers; and from this proposal grew another, which was that Scott should furnish the material for a little volume to be brought out by Ballantyne. Scott's words were: "I have been for years collecting old Border ballads, and I think I could, with little trouble, put together such a selection

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of them as might make a neat little volume to sell for four or five shillings. I will talk with some of the booksellers about it when I go to Edinburgh, and if the thing comes on you shall be the printer." This was the enterprise that was to result in "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," though the volumes did not appear for several years after the proposal.

The country round about the village of Lasswade, like that in the neighborhood of Kelso, was rich in those memorials of the past that gave Scott such infinite delight. As he praised Kelso, so he speaks almost as warmly of the River Esk, near which Lasswade lies. Perhaps speaking with the extravagance of affection, he said: "No stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery."

In a little valley hardly more than a mile away is Hawthornden, the birthplace of the poet who is best remembered as "Drum-

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mond of Hawthornden," and in the beautiful house which stands there he spent the greater part of his life in writing poetry and making mechanical experiments. His death is said to have been caused by excessive grief over the death of Charles I.

Drummond had been a most prominent figure more than a century before Scott was born, and the house, once visited by Ben Jonson, still stood, though it had been enlarged and altered about a score of years later when Jonson made his visit. His verse has to a modern ear a very modern note—a love of nature for its own sake that is not lost amid his classical embellishments. His language has much of the felicity of Robert Herrick. It would be difficult to match in delicacy such lines as these, with which he begins his poem entitled, quaintly, "Change Should Breed Change."

"Now doth the sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby year.
My soul, time posts away."

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Napier, in his "Homes and Haunts of Scott," quotes Dorothy Wordsworth's description of the upper part of the valley between Hawthornden and Roslin, which Scott called "one of the few remnants of the olden time on which our great champion of the Scottish Church (John Knox) did not exercise his peculiar plans of reformation." The interior of the chapel is thought to have been the original of Engaddi, as described in "The Talisman." Upon a legend of this chapel is founded "The Dirge of Rosabelle," in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The superstition was that on the night preceding the death of one of the earls this chapel was illuminated by an unearthly fire.

Among the numerous contributors whose work was collected by Scott in order to make up the three volumes published by Ballantyne, "Minstrelsy of the Border," was Dr. John Leyden, whose friendship with Scott is associated with the River Esk. This man, though the son of a Border shep-

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herd, became a minister, a doctor, a judge, and a professor of Oriental languages. Among his poems, that entitled "Scenes of Infancy" is said by Napier to have been written in great part at Lasswade cottage. Leyden was four years younger than Scott, and after being educated at Edinburgh University became a preacher. In 1803 he sailed for India, where he remained until his death. He is said to have known thirty-four languages and dialects. In his "Scenes of Infancy" he speaks as follows of these days with Scott:

“The wildwood roams by Esk’s romantic shore,
The circled hearth which ne’er was wont to fail
In cheerful joke or legendary tale,
Thy mind, whose fearless frankness none could
move,
Thy friendship, like an elder brother’s love.
When years combine with distance let me be
By all forgot, remembered yet by thee.”

Leyden must have awakened a warm friendship in Scott, for it is said that after his friend’s death Scott could never speak

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of him without evident emotion. The poet inserted a reference to this lost companion in the "Lord of the Isles." There is something odd in the last sentence of the inscription upon his tombstone in Batavia: "Few have passed through this life with fewer vices or with a greater prospect of happiness in the next."

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNINGS OF SERIOUS POETIC WORK

SCOTT was now entering upon his thirtieth year. He had already made himself known to many as a tireless collector of the old legends and traditions, but in the publication of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" he had proved that he was not alone collecting these because of a sentimental interest in the survivals of Scotland's past. He had shown that his interest in them was that of a literary man. His editing of the ballads was done, in a way, after the model set him by Bishop Percy in his "Reliques," but he had vastly improved upon Percy's method in more than one respect. The Bishop had never scrupled to restore missing fragments of the ancient

literature by compositions of his own, but although his work in this respect had been marvelously well done, Scott proved to be even more skilful in that he clung more closely to his originals and devoted unwearied care to restoring the ancient text before adding any lines of his own, thus showing an attitude more truly antiquarian toward the relics.

Scott's taste in the rendition of the old ballads was also shown by the exercise of a very wise discretion in regard to the form of the words. With the utmost nicety he selected the truly antique from the merely ignorant. But even more important than his direct editorial work was the wealth of note and comment that accompanied the text and bore witness to the unexhausted learning at his command.

In his introductory preface he touched upon so many topics, referred to so many old stories, and showed so wide an acquaintance with the traditions of his native land, that it has since been said by critics

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that the preface alone contained the essential elements of a hundred historical romances.

When in later years speculation was rife as to the authorship of "Waverley," "Christopher North," as Professor Wilson of Edinburgh called himself, referred to this preface as being sufficient proof that no one but Scott could have commanded the knowledge necessary for the construction of the novels.

Although Scott was inclined to think the reception of his volumes by Ballantyne was not satisfactory, yet they brought him about five hundred dollars within six months, and thereafter he was enabled to sell the copyright for as much more.

By the death of Scott's father in 1799, and, within a few years afterward, of his uncle, he had inherited a fair income, which, added to the amount brought him by his wife's settlement, gave him an income of one thousand pounds a year.

The opening of the nineteenth century

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found Scott a married man with one daughter, a few months old. He was still practicing law, but without any strong interest in the profession, and with the conviction that there was no eminence for him in the calling.

He regarded his literary pursuits as little more than recreation, though one would suppose he could not have been ignorant of the intense interest which he took in this work as compared with the sense of duty that was his only inspiration to legal study. He was still living at Edinburgh, except for his summer retirement to the cottage at Lasswade.

It seems to bring the time closer to us to know that in these days, as in our own, there was a dispute as to just when the century ended, and that then the same decision was reached as was given in our own day, namely, that the century was completed at the conclusion of the last day of the year denoted by the century number and the two ciphers. In Scott's time the ques-

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tion had been left to the celebrated astronomer, Joseph Lalande, director of the Paris Observatory.

In literature, this last year of the century was notable for the death of the poet Cowper and of Dr. Blair, who had been for many years a professor of *belles-lettres* in Edinburgh University and also a prominent preacher in the same city. The birth of Macaulay was on the twenty-fifth of October of the same year.

In English politics the most prominent feature of the first few years of the nineteenth century was the union with Ireland, which gave rise to many questions, particularly in regard to Roman Catholicism. There had been attempts in the latter part of the last century to heal the divisions that had separated Protestants and Catholics, and these attempts had been made more helpful because of the liberal opinions that were brought out during the discussions following upon the revolutionary happenings in France. But it soon proved that,

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although the better educated classes on both sides of the controversy might have been brought together, the peasantry were intractable. For this there were many causes, but perhaps the most important was the indignation felt by the Irish Catholic peasantry because they were taxed to pay tithes to a Protestant clergy. Outbreaks of violence were common, and upon both sides organizations were formed to resist aggression.

It was hoped by the Irish rebels against the government that they would receive aid from France. Bonaparte, who had made himself First Consul, had now come to regard England as his greatest enemy, and was seeking in every way to diminish her power. His schemes for invasion had failed, and he had not been successful in his attempts to found an empire in the East that would checkmate the efforts of England to control India. Bonaparte's Egyptian campaign, despite the battles he had won, had been rendered futile by the vic-

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tory of Nelson in the Battle of the Nile; and although the French did their best to foment rebellion against the English authority in India, the natives were again defeated by the English troops.

Ireland was looked upon by the French as a field in which they might stir up internal dissension against the English government. In 1798 there was a serious insurrection, and many atrocities were committed, but the rebels were defeated at the Battle of Vinegar Hill, and within a month or two a small French force that had landed during the same year was captured, and English authority was re-established in Ireland.

Lord Cornwallis was appointed Lord Lieutenant, and being a wise and just magistrate, was soon able to show England that there could be no lasting tranquillity excepting by the permanent union of the two countries under one government. By means of methods that cannot be too closely examined, the Irish Parliament was brought

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to vote for the Act of Union, and with the beginning of the century both countries were legally under the control of the imperial legislature.

A change in the royal coat-of-arms made in this year is significant. The royal lilies of France, which had for hundreds of years been borne in the quartering of the shield to indicate the claim of the English sovereign to the throne of France, were now removed, as they had become an empty relic of the past.

From 1800 to 1804 we must regard Scott as a poet, but as yet he had not brought out any work that gave him national reputation. We have already briefly spoken of the body of volunteer cavalry of which Scott was serving as quartermaster. Strangely enough, it was indirectly due to his connection with the militia that Scott was led to begin the composition of the poem that was to decide him to enter upon his literary career.

The Countess of Dalkeith was regarded

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by Scott as the head of his clan. She was a young and beautiful woman who shared Scott's interest in the ballads and legends of her native land. At her suggestion Scott began a poem upon a subject which had caught her fancy—the doings of a certain supernatural imp known as "Gilpin Horner." But he had made no great progress with his verse until, during a drill upon the Portobello sands, he was thrown from his horse and so injured as to be confined to his room for several days. During this leisure he amused himself by writing, and in a short time had completed the first canto of the poem that subsequently became "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." His most important literary work up to this time had been done more to please others than for his own satisfaction. The "Border Minstrelsy" was the result of a wish to aid his old schoolmate, James Ballantyne.

During the first five or six years of the nineteenth century Scott continued to live in his city home at Edinburgh, removing,

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much as people do nowadays, in the summer to the cottage at Lasswade, whenever the courts were not sitting and he was left free to go into the country.

Outside of his profession, to which he was conscientious enough to devote quite as much time as did those to whom it was more attractive or their only interest in life, Scott was giving up more and more of his leisure time to the composition of short poems, the editing of his collection of ballads, and other similar work.

While the productions of this period every now and then show evidence of the power he was one day to display, they were not so striking as to give any hint that he was to influence deeply the poetical fashions of his day. To tell the truth, Scott had not yet come under any strong influence that would commit him to any vocation. Apparently, he had decided that he was not likely to attain distinction at the bar, but his literary work was not yet looked upon as more than a convenient way to earn

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small sums of money in addition to his professional income.

Besides law and letters, Scott was deeply interested in the work of providing a militia to repel the French invasion, in case a landing should be made upon the shores of Ireland or of England itself.

It was a time of much distress and dissension among the Irish, for the English government was perfecting the union of the legislatures of England and Ireland, and among the Irish people there was a strong division of opinion as to whether this was desirable, involving, as usual, most acrimonious and bitter quarreling between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Although the worst outbreaks in Ireland had taken place before the beginning of the century, it was to be many years before the population was at all reconciled to the new state of affairs.

Naturally enough, Napoleon, who was in absolute control of the French, looked upon these internal dissensions in England as

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giving an opportunity to excite rebellion, thus weakening the hand of England in Europe. So far as Scott was concerned, while he held strong views in political matters, he seems to have been affected by the antagonism between England and France only to the extent of deeming it his duty to serve as an efficient officer in the Scotch militia.

The danger of invasion from France soon ceased to be considered pressing. The victories of Nelson, having caused Napoleon to abandon the design of setting up a government in Egypt, as a threat to the extension of British empire in India, all further attempts to harass England or her possessions were brought to an end when Nelson destroyed the French fleet, leaving Napoleon to abandon his army and escape in a single vessel from Egypt.

Besides this downfall of any direct attempt to proceed against England, affairs in France had now taken such a turn that those who had seen in the French Revolu-

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tion a danger to all existing institutions, were now reassured by discovering that the government of Bonaparte was able to keep in check the more radical elements of the French people. It was seen, as Green remarks in his history, that although France had greatly expanded, she was not attaining a disproportionate share of power in Europe, her extension of territory being no more than was necessary to keep a proper balance of power among the European states.

All this tended to lessen the fierce animosity and the unusual fear with which the conservative or tory elements among the English had regarded the downfall of the French monarchy.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOME AT ASHESTIEL

IT is interesting to reflect that the agencies which were really to transform in great part the civilization of that time were entirely unrecognized. While politicians were exciting themselves over the question of the union with Ireland, over the radical legislation of the French Republic, and the daring speculations of the French philosophers and their followers in other lands, believing that these movements threatened to recreate society, to upturn ancient institutions and to supplant them by new, there was no suspicion that the real revolutionary movements of the time were beginning in the quiet laboratories and workshops about which none knew except a few interested in all scientific development.

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In these early years of the century began the development of the Voltaic pile. In this little apparatus, where two metals were acted upon by an acid, producing a continuous current of electricity, was the germ of the modern electric science. After one hundred years of development which have given us the storage battery, we cannot yet foretell to what extent this new source of power will one day change the features of our daily life; but we do know that the changes due to the growth of electric science are already of far more importance to mankind than any short-lived legislation that during the early years of the French Republic shocked mankind.

In 1801 the Roman Catholic religion had been re-established in France, although but a few years had passed since the decree abolishing all religious institutions.

An invention quite as important as the Voltaic pile was made in 1803. A French weaver by the name of Jacquard was brought before Napoleon at the request of

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the First Consul himself, to receive the thanks of the republic for an epoch-making invention, that which is still known by the name of the Jacquard loom. Too complicated to be really understood without diagrams, it may be briefly described as a loom that weaves patterns from the simplest designs to the most complicated, and is controlled by a long line of cards with holes in them. As these cards are drawn through the loom, the holes permit only certain threads to be raised during the passing of the shuttle. The result is that after a pattern has once been prepared upon the cards, it can be at any time woven upon the loom. The inventor, Jacquard, was a poor weaver, but his marvellous loom has given him world-wide fame.

It was a time of great advance in the arts, and not only in speculative fields of pure theory, but in practical applications to daily life. To this time may be traced the beginnings of nearly all those improvements in the useful arts that made the cen-

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tury so great an advance upon all that had preceded it.

Up to this period, paper-making had been a long, slow, and laborious process. The pulp, after being reduced to the right consistency, had been dipped out of vats, and allowed to dry on sieves that gave only a single sheet. Machinery was now made that greatly hastened and improved the process, if it could not improve the quality of the product. Only those who understand how close is the relation between the cost of paper and the extension of learning will appreciate how much was meant by this enormous improvement. It at once became possible to increase the output of books and newspapers, and to place the means of education in the hands of thousands. Knowledge became widespread, and thousands of men whose talents might have remained undeveloped were brought out of obscurity and contributed largely to the world's welfare.

While knowledge was thus increasing,

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another improvement gave mankind time for learning. It was but a few years before that illuminating gas had been discovered, and though a gradual improvement went on, it was slow. But when it became possible to produce a steady light at a reasonable price, it was as if the length of the working day had suddenly been greatly increased. Among the earliest to adopt the new light was James Watt, who used it in his factory. The development of steam power and its application to boats also belongs to these busy and progressive years. And we may see in the use of war balloons at the battle of Fleurus, in France, a visible attempt toward taking possession of the upper air.

The opening of the Surrey railroad in 1802 may be cited as showing how the conquest of earth, air and sea was being attempted almost simultaneously.

In Scott's own life, the years from 1800 to 1805 may be characterized by the statement that they saw the completion of the

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"Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" and the beginning of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." But besides these more important works, Scott busied himself with a number of miscellaneous contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. This periodical, originally started under the editorship of Sidney Smith, was eminently a critical journal, its very motto showing that its purpose was to hold the whip over presumptuous authors. It was natural that in a time when thought felt itself free from the bonds of convention, scholars should believe it necessary to act as censors over literary work. For this magazine Scott contributed during this period, showing considerable versatility in the choice of his subjects.

In public affairs an event of the first importance and one closely connected with the state of feeling between France and England was the selling by Napoleon of the great French tract, Louisiana, in America, that enormous territory since known in American history as the Louisiana Pur-

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chase. The money received was meant to equip a great expedition against England, and upon this renewal of threatened invasion the war fever in England was again kindled and over three hundred and seventy-five thousand volunteers were enrolled.

Naturally, so much interest in military matters resulted in at least one improvement in weapons, the invention of the percussion lock, for up to this time it must be remembered the old flint-lock firearms were in universal use.

Among public events of this year which must have deeply interested Scott are the death of Burns and of the poet Cowper. And in his domestic affairs are to be chronicled the births of his son Walter, in October, 1801, and of his daughter Ann two years later.

In 1804, owing to some criticisms by the Duke of Buccleugh, Scott decided that he must seek a dwelling nearer to his sphere of duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His

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first idea was to take possession of the ancient castle in which once lived his ancestor, Auld Wat of Harden, but this romantic notion proved impracticable since, owing to its lonely situation, it would have been harder to make the journey to Selkirk than if he had remained at Lasswade.

Fortunately, about this time Scott heard of a most convenient and beautiful dwelling on the banks of the Tweed, at Ashestiel, which he was able to buy from the proceeds of the sale of Rosebank, a house that had belonged to his uncle, and which had been left to the poet as a legacy. By the summer of 1804 Scott was at home in this delightful dwelling on the banks of the Tweed, where he was to remain until his rising fortunes enabled him to buy the estate of Abbotsford.

The life at Ashestiel has been often described, but it did not differ widely from that led by any country gentleman of the time upon his estate. Up to this removal, it had been Scott's habit to work late at

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night upon his writing, but now began the plan which he was to follow during all his active life. His literary work began not long after five o'clock in the morning, and was completed by the time the other members of his household were fairly astir. He thus was free to take part in their pursuits, and he greatly enjoyed all the sports of the countryside. Walking, riding, coursing, salmon-fishing by night, were among the active sports in which he took part.

We have many particulars as to Scott's family and his neighbors during his residence at Ashestiel, but as most of the men with whom he was not intimate remained his friends for many years, it will be more convenient to speak of them at another time. We have, however, a most striking picture of his brief friendship with Mungo Park, the celebrated African explorer. No doubt the two men were greatly interested in one another. We have reports of two striking interviews. One tells us how Scott, one day, found Mungo Park stand-

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ing by the side of the river throwing stones into the water and apparently idly watching the bubbles as they ascended from the bottom of the stream. Upon Scott's making some jocular remark as to wasting time in such a frivolous amusement, Park explained that he was simply trying over an experiment which had often enabled him while in Africa to judge as to the depth of a river he must cross—noting the length of time it took for the bubbles to ascend from the bottom.

It was significant of Scott's shrewdness that this incident led him to suspect Mungo Park's intention to make a second expedition to Africa, that expedition in which he lost his life.

The second scene that brings these two men together was just before Park left England. Park's horse had stumbled, and Scott had called his attention to this as possibly of evil omen. Whereupon Mungo Park replied with a line from an old ballad, saying:

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“Freits follow those who took to them!”
—*freits* meaning omens.

By far the most important event of the year 1805 was the publication of “The Lay of the Last Minstrel,” which took place in the very first week of January, and the success of the poem was so great that Lockhart says it decided the question of Scott’s entering upon a literary career.

But in spite of the decision to make literature the main business of his life, it is characteristic of Scott’s prudence that he at the same time was careful to provide himself with a fixed salary. He applied for the position of clerk of the Court of Sessions, which was at that time filled by an old friend of the family. With this official, Scott arranged that the income attached to the post should continue to be paid to its incumbent, while Scott himself should perform all the active duties upon condition that after the death of the old clerk the office should revert to Scott. This arrangement was duly carried out, but it was six

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years before the clerkship became vacant, and during all this long period the duties were performed without bringing any salary to the young lawyer waiting for its reversion.

Although originally begun in compliment to the young Countess of Dalkeith, and possibly without any idea that it would become a great popular success, there were several elements in the poem that at once took the popular fancy. One of the most important was the novelty of the metre employed. Scott had heard recited Coleridge's "Christabel," and his ear, so long accustomed to the painfully regular beat of the old ballads, was delighted with the freedom secured by changing the scheme of metre from one based upon the counting of feet to one depending almost entirely upon accent. It is characteristic of Scott that he was careful to give credit to Coleridge for the hint that added so greatly to the merits of his poem.

Another event of the year that for a long

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time was not appreciated by Scott himself at its full importance, was the writing of the first seven chapters of his novel, "Waverley."

Among Scott's friends, one to whom he often looked for criticism, was William Erskine. He read these few chapters of the projected story to Erskine, and when that critic pronounced the narrative dull, it was abandoned without regret, the manuscript being carelessly put aside in an old desk, where it remained in a huddle with some fishing tackle and other odds and ends until several years later.

Upon the Continent, during this year, all eyes were fixed upon the meteoric career of Napoleon. When it is remembered that the autumn and winter saw the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz, and Napoleon's triumphant entry into Vienna, it will be appreciated that he was almost at the height of his power. Apparently, there was no obstacle to his complete domination of all nations except the great victory of Nelson

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at Trafalgar, which once for all forbade the European dictator to dream of a successful invasion of England. And, undoubtedly, the journals of the time and all political discussions centered in one way or another about the single figure of the great Frenchman, and ministries in England were considered to be successful only when they succeeded in checking for a time Napoleon's spreading domination.

There is no doubt that Scott's interest in these political matters was keen. We are told that at a period not long after this, while he was making a journey in the northern part of Scotland, Scott was accustomed, even while amid scenes that might be expected to enchain his attention, to trace the movements of the French and English forces in Portugal upon large maps which he kept spread before him during the journey.

CHAPTER IX

THE MOST POPULAR OF POETS

SCOTT was a man of many interests. Despite the success of the "Lay," the same year that saw its publication was notable for his beginning a general commercial partnership in the printing business with his friend Ballantyne, an enterprise for which he put up at least half, and it may be three-fourths, of the capital.

During the next three or four years, or until 1810, the chronicles of the time are hardly more than a list of Napoleon's successes upon the field of battle and of the confederations of treaties that resulted from them. The same time, however, saw that attempt to crush the spirit of the Prussians, which is considered by many historians to be the beginning of popular re-

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volt against Napoleon in the French dependencies, and therefore the beginning of his fall.

Scott, during this time, was editing a life of Dryden, was composing "Marmion," which appeared in 1808 and easily disputed supremacy with the "Lay," even in popularity, while by the critics it was considered in many respects far superior to the former poem; the battle-scenes, especially, were considered to be almost without rivals in literature.

Besides his literary activity, which can hardly be noted even by giving a list of minor works such as beginning an edition of Swift, writing supposititious memoirs relating to the Civil War period, editing an old romance by the antiquary, Strutt, Scott had accepted the post of secretary to a parliamentary commission engaged in the revision of Scotch laws, and also was in daily attendance at court, acting in the capacity of what is now known as a reporter of the legal decisions.

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He was also deeply interested in theatrical matters, having formed a friendship with Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, who were often at his house, and with Matthews and Terry, with whom he held many long and delightful discussions, enlivened by the gossip and playfulness of men of the world. In fact, it may be said that he played his part in half a dozen different capacities, each one of which would have provided occupation enough for an ordinary man.

As a rising author, he accepted with equanimity and indulgence the attentions which were heaped upon him both in Edinburgh and in London, and also found time to assist other authors less fortunate than himself, securing, for instance, from the Princess of Wales a subscription to the poems of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and finding work for another unfortunate literary man named Struthers, to whom Scott's helping hand assured a living and a fairly prosperous future. He never

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failed to assist all such whenever he found it in his power.

As a publisher, and partner of Ballantyne, Scott's prolific suggestions supplied work for the presses and laid out in advance schemes enough to keep three publishers busy.

As a public man, having become dissatisfied with the conducting of the *Edinburgh Review*, Scott, in conjunction with the publisher, John Murray, set on foot the *Quarterly Review* as a means of counteracting the too great influence of Jeffrey's critical periodical.

As a country gentleman, owing to his habit of completing his daily work by noon, at latest, Scott was always ready to take part in the outdoor sports in which he so much delighted, and which formed, in his opinion, perhaps the most valuable part of his children's education.

In addition to all this, time was found during June of 1809 for a thorough exploration of those scenes amid which was

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to be located the story of "The Lady of the Lake." It is no wonder that to his friends and acquaintances the amount of work accomplished by this lawyer of forty was almost incredible.

Perhaps not all readers may know that it was the fashion at this time to publish such poems as these of Scott's in a form that is practically never seen at present, that is, in quarto size, about four times as large a page as is now used for the average book. These enormous volumes in large print sold at something over ten dollars a copy, so it will be seen that when twenty thousand copies of "The Lady of the Lake" were disposed of in a single year, it is not surprising that Scott should have made from that one poem as much as twenty thousand dollars for himself. That such prices were paid by so many buyers seems surprising to us, but the public were accustomed to this form of publication, whereas to-day an even greater poem might readily fail of a wide market at such a price.

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The circle of readers, while not proportionately a very large one, was made up of people who could easily afford to pay the high price. The number of books produced being so much smaller, public attention was more readily concentrated upon whatever work happened to be the talk of the day; and this is seen in the effect of "The Lady of the Lake" upon the travel into Scotland. Almost at once, the scenes of the poem were visited by crowds, and many other parts of Scotland formerly frequented were nearly deserted in consequence, the result being the comparative ruin of the innkeepers and guides who were dependent upon the expenditure of visitors for their living. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, notes the odd fact that the travel into all parts of Scotland touched upon by Scott's works was so greatly increased by his notice of them that the prices for posting, that is, for horses and vehicles to carry tourists to the various localities, continually increased year after year.

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Two rather amusing anecdotes about Scott's children are told in connection with "The Lady of the Lake." One day his daughter was met by James Ballantyne, the publisher, in her father's library, and asked what she thought of the poem. Upon which she assured him that she had not read it, adding, "Papa says there is nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

The other story tells that his son, Walter, returned from school one day with evidences of having been engaged in a fight. His father asked him what he had been fighting about. He replied that he had been called a "lassie," and protested, "I dinna what there is waufer in the world than to be a lassie, and to sit boring at a clout!" It is necessary to explain that "waufer" is Scotch dialect for shabbier, and the last phrase means poking a needle through a cloth. A little questioning showed that young Walter's schoolfellows had nicknamed him "The Lady of the

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Lake," which name the boy did not at all understand except as a reproach to his manliness.

Among the numberless anecdotes about the poem, one more may be mentioned to show how widely it was circulated. Sir Adam Fergusson happened on the day when the poem reached him to be posted with his company in Portugal, near Torres Vedras, exposed to a severe fire of the French under Masséna. Under these conditions, their captain read to them, to their eager delight, the great description of the battle, in Canto Sixth. . It is a strong evidence of the poet's power that even upon the battlefield his lines could heighten the martial ardor of the soldiers.

It is difficult, after reading these stirring lines, so full of power and genius, to understand how their author could be unaware of his own rank; and yet it is recorded that at this time, when, as Ballantyne puts it, Scott's poetic fame was at its height, he declared that he himself was unworthy

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to be named in the same day with Burns, and, more surprising still, should have asserted that Joanna Baillie was "the highest genius" of Scotland. If we may believe him, Scott found more pleasure in reading "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," two rather stilted and far from enlivening poems of Dr. Johnson's, than in any other poetical compositions he could name.

But whatever Scott thought of his own work, there could be no doubt about its popularity, and relying upon the public's verdict, he looked upon himself as in the high tide of success.

Believing at the time that he had some money to spare, he was very eager to make a trip to Portugal, in order that he might see something of the campaign conducted by Wellington, though he bore his vocation in mind when he added, "I daresay I should have picked up some good materials for battle scenery." Mrs. Scott did not approve of the trip, and one to the Highlands

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was substituted. This journey was made in his own carriages, with a party, which enabled him to alight whenever he was attracted by a bit of scenery or became interested in the legends of any locality.

A supplement to this journey was a voyage to the Hebrides, where he procured much material afterwards used by him in "The Lord of the Isles," and in his notes to the "Life of Samuel Johnson," whose own tour to the Hebrides had taken place nearly forty years before. It is not likely that there had been in so wild a region many great changes, even in that length of time; and Scott's experiences upon the trip must have enabled him to follow closely Johnson's account of the same journey.

Scott's return to Ashestiel was followed within a short time by the discovery of the earlier chapters of "Waverley." He came upon the manuscript while looking in an old desk for some fishing-tackle.

An event of 1810 which must be noted is the death of Williamina Stuart Forbes,

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for whom, despite her marriage and his own, Scott had never lost the tenderness of his affection.

About this time, a committee having been formed in London for the relief of the sufferers from the war in Portugal, Scott wished to contribute, and wrote for the purpose a poem, "The Vision of Don Roderick," based upon a subject connected with the early history of Portugal. Scott thought it necessary to apologize for the hasty work upon this piece, excusing it on the ground that during its composition he had been distracted by the loss of two intimate friends. Possibly another obstacle which prevented his doing his best work was his unfamiliarity with the metre he then employed, the Spenserian stanza. Scott never seemed to lack officious friends, eager to tell him how he might improve his work, and as a result, he was induced to abandon more than once the flexible ballad-measure, which came easiest to him, and to make experiments in forms of verse far

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better adapted to other subjects than those he was accustomed to treat.

These days were, altogether, Scott's first times of prosperity. Not only had his pen assured him large sums, but the arrangement that had been made to secure him an income from his office as Clerk of Sessions now first brought him returns.

As it happened that the lease of his home at Ashestiel just then expired, he determined to buy for himself an estate, with the intention of making it a permanent home. His beginnings were modest enough. Within a few miles from Ashestiel there was an old farm-house and a small pond, together with about a hundred acres of wild ground lying along the banks of the Tweed. Within these limits was the region most closely connected with "Thomas the Rhymer." This wild spot, when he first knew it, was called Clarty Hole.

Having bought the land, Scott rechristened it "Abbotsford," from the shallow spot in the river across which the monks of

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Melrose had driven their cattle. There has been, in all the various Lives written of Sir Walter Scott, a strain of criticism which may be summed up in the brief statement that, instead of devoting himself strictly to the work of producing English literature, he chose to spend some part of the large sums he received in attempting to found a home and a family.

Certainly, as has been suggested, his original scheme was modest enough. There is little doubt that he was victimized, or at least imposed upon, by the canny Scots who were fortunate enough to possess lands bordering upon the estate he was trying to create. But the first plans of Abbotsford contemplated little more than a modest home, in no way too fine or too large for his household, particularly when we remember the great number of his friends and the many calls upon him for hospitality. Scott felt that he was able to earn a small fortune at any time by a few months' work. His estimate of himself was far more modest

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than was that of his friends. Even as a business man he exhibited better judgment than any of those around him. He was courted by publishers and booksellers, he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the best people in London and in Edinburgh; and even from the standpoint of the most practical of men there was nothing from which could be argued that his plans of securing a family estate were chimerical. Some of his friends have maintained that his reliance upon the Ballantynes was most imprudent, but it will be found by any one who will carefully read the story of the relations between the author and the Ballantyne brothers that the clear mind of Scott was never at a loss in his estimate of the virtues and failings of his business associates.

When the time came for the removal from Ashestiel to Abbotsford, there was a procession of carts containing a most curious mixture of household goods and antiquities. No one can improve upon the

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picture which Scott himself has given of this "flitting." He says: "The neighbors have been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, turkeys and lances made a very conspicuous show. The family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient Border fame, and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets. This caravan was attended by a dozen of ragged and rosy peasant children carrying fishing-rods and spears."

CHAPTER X

LAST OF THE POEMS, AND FIRST OF THE NOVELS

ABBOTSFORD was paid for, half with borrowed money advanced by Scott's brother, and half with advanced payment for a promised poem, "Rokeby," which had been inspired by the romantic stories connected with a friend's country-seat. This poem was, therefore, a piece of task-work performed amid the din made by the mechanics who were completing his new home, the poet's work-room being screened off by an old bed-curtain.

It is not easy to write verse when someone is beating the wrong metre with a hammer, and his first efforts were thrown aside. A new start being made in what Scott called

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"the old Cossack manner," the poem was published early in January, 1813. 29

Though the whole edition sold, Scott felt dissatisfaction, and was inclined to believe that the rivalry of Byron's fresh, easy verse made it necessary for him to attempt success in another field. But before completing "Rokeby," and abandoning poetry, he wrote, in the "Bridal of Triermain," a piece of work more in keeping with his own earlier style, and yet took every pains to conceal his authorship and to mislead the critics and the public into the belief that the romantic piece came from the pen of his friend Erskine.

His motives for this piece of deception were probably various; but he declared that he wished to test public opinion, and to put forth a poem that would be judged apart from his reputation. The world was not long hoodwinked, but Scott had taken the first step in a course of concealment that was to last long after the Waverley Novels were triumphantly successful,

Last of the Poems

These, the last days when Scott was primarily a writer of verse, were so full of historic happenings that one wonders there was a public willing to listen at all to romantic ballads. From 1811, when the poet left his Ashestiel home, to the publication of "Waverley," in July, 1814, is a period notable because of many historic events. Napoleon was, in 1811, at the height of his power, endeavoring by absorbing the Papal States, Holland, Germany, to shut England's ships out from commerce with Europe; but the historian Gardiner declares that by the tyranny necessary to carry out these plans Napoleon was losing the popular support that had made his rise possible. Wellington, in Portugal and Spain, was defeating the Marshals, and though checked by superior forces, was able to prevail when the withdrawal of Russia from the French alliance recalled some of the strongest of Napoleon's troops, so that when Napoleon marched into Russia, Wellington invaded Spain and took Madrid. In 1812 came

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Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign and England's war with the United States. The English, acting against Napoleon, forbade neutral nations to trade with the continent of Europe, and this, added to their asserted right to search our vessels for deserters, caused the United States to declare war; though John Fiske, the historian, has shown that our grievances against France were greater than against England. But while Napoleon had deceitfully invited our ships to France and then seized them, this had chiefly affected private citizens; whereas England's aggressions were considered insulting to the flag, and the politicians hoped that war declared by the United States might lead to a conquest of Canada.

There were sea-fights in which after six months' warfare the Americans captured six men-of-war; and when the English frigate "Shannon" captured the "Chesapeake," the victory was greeted with "extravagant jubilation." It was in this fight that Captain Lawrence used the words "Don't give up,

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the ship," as he was carried below, mortally wounded. The war was notable for the exploits of Porter in the "Essex," and for the victories of the "Wasp" and the "Constitution." On land the advantages were all with the British, but it would lead us too far from Abbotsford to note the campaigns in the northwest, the north, and the south, though the presence of Scott's brother Thomas in Canada may have increased his interest in the war.

The year 1812 was one, says Crockett in his "Scott Country," of Scott's busiest years. "Five days every week he did Court of Session duty of Edinburgh. Saturday evening saw him at Abbotsford. On Monday he superintended the licking into shape of his new domicile, and again at night he was coaching it to the city." And at every interval in the law work and the overseeing of the estate, the busy pen was producing reams of manuscript to pay for the improvements going on all about.

Besides everything else, the Ballantynes

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needed much supervision, for the elder brother was by no means a methodical business man, and the younger was even worse, being too good a table companion and storyteller to love the dry details of book-keeping. Very likely, too, Scott was much to blame. He was really the managing partner of the firm, fond of having his own way, and yet had so many irons in the fire that he was compelled to neglect the details of the publishing business he actually controlled.

During 1813 there were many proofs that affairs were coming to a crisis in the Ballantyne establishment; indeed, it was necessary for Scott to seek aid from his friends in order to prevent a complete failure. About this time the poet-laureateship was offered to Scott, but being already Sheriff and Court Clerk, he declined another salaried office and suggested that the poet Southey be named. This was done, and Southey was duly grateful, both for the honor and for the income. *

Last of the Poems

In the last three months of this year Scott was editing Swift's works and writing the author's life, beginning "The Lord of the Isles," and—most important of all—had decided to complete the exhumed manuscript of "Waverley."

Though France was still in the ascendant, there were not lacking signs of weakness to prove that the allies were to triumph, and the hope of reopening commerce with Europe made times good in England, much to the benefit of Scott's business interests.

When Scott's edition of Swift appeared, Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, wrote a notice of the volumes, but devoted most of his energy to attacking Swift's character, much to the chagrin of Scott's publisher, who feared that the sale of the edition would be seriously affected, and his regret was the greater because it was at his own request that Jeffrey had undertaken the reviewing.

But the fate of the "Swift" was soon of

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little importance. There were few novels of more than mediocre merit, and the best of them—in Scott's opinion, Miss Edgeworth's—had but a limited sale. John Balantyne copied the first volume of "Waverley," and as soon as it was printed the publisher offered £700 for the copyright. Scott refused, but consented to an agreement giving him half of the profits. Between the writing of the first volume and the second, Scott wrote two articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* Supplement, which Constable was then bringing out; and these (on Chivalry and the Drama) being completed, the last volumes of "Waverley" were written between the fourth of June and the first of July, though the usual time was given to Scott's court work.

Lockhart, in regard to the rapidity with which these two volumes were composed, tells the well-known anecdote of the gentleman who was made so nervous by the sight of Scott's tireless hand. "Since we sat down," said he, "I have been watching it.

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It fascinates my eye. It never stops. Page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied. And so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books."

After the first of the Waverley Novels was out, Scott was invited to go with the Light House Commissioners on their annual expedition. All the officials were his friends, and the chief of them was Robert Stevenson, grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Robert Stevenson wrote his reminiscences of the trip, and gives us a delightful picture of Scott telling stories in regard to the localities passed, busily writing upon a portable desk, while the wind flapped his pages and the spray was now and then dashed over him, or reading to the party from the proof-sheets of the "Lord of the Isles." This article was published some years ago in *Scribner's Magazine*, with an introduc-

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tion by the grandson of the author, and it gives us a close view of Scott at this time.

Scott tells much about this trip in his notes to the "Lord of the Isles" and to "The Pirate," and says in summary: "We had constant exertion, a succession of wild and uncommon scenery, good humor on board, and objects of animation and interest when we went ashore." If wishes were only boats, instead of horses, there are few voyages in which one would rather have shared than this around the northern coasts of Scotland.

Just before the ending of the trip Scott found news both good and bad. He learned of the death of the Duchess of Buccleugh, his friend since the old Lasswade days, and her to whom he owed the inspiration of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; he heard also good tidings—namely, that Constable, his publisher, agreed to give him 1,500 guineas for half-rights in "The Lord of the Isles"; and that "Waverley" had sold so well that its success was certain. Of course, there

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was not to be for many years any public acknowledgment of Scott's authorship, but Lockhart declares that the mystification never answered much purpose among those who were most likely to know Scott's style and method.

The critics found some real and more imagined faults; but the public appreciation was immediate, and Scott returned to Abbotsford in good spirits, to complete "The Lord of the Isles."

Among the books Scott had read during the Light House voyage was one of poems based on traditions of Galloway and Ayrshire, by Joseph Train. To secure information needed, Scott wrote to Train, and received in return most generous assistance. This correspondence led to a most useful co-operation. "To no one individual," Lockhart writes, "did Scott owe so much of the materials of his novels." "Guy Manering," the second to appear, was suggested by a ballad forwarded by Train, who was connected with the excise service.

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Like "Waverley" (except that slow first volume), the second of the series was written with great rapidity, "Guy Mannering" being finished in six weeks of the Christmas season of 1814; but the haste was due to business difficulties requiring the raising of a large sum of money. Except for his occasional outings, these years were those of Scott's unflagging industry, and the dates of some of his greatest works now come so thick and fast that merely to record them would give perhaps the best impression of his days at this time.

Thus, "Waverley" was hardly off the press before the second of the series was announced, and between the two appeared the "Lord of the Isles," to "puzzle and confound" those that suspected Scott of writing all three. This, the last of his long poems, had a success that would have seemed marvellous except when compared with its predecessors or when compared with the wonderful popularity of Byron's poems, three of which came out in 1814.

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Scott was disappointed, but, saying to Ballantyne, "We can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else," he went back to the pages of "Guy Mannering." The story is told by Ballantyne, who gives the impression that Scott was completely convinced that Byron was about to drive him from the throne he had so long occupied without a rival. Lockhart warmly urges that "the Byron of 1814" owed "at least half his success to imitation of Scott, and no trivial share of the rest to the lavish use of materials which Scott never employed only because his genius was under the guidance of high feelings of moral rectitude."

Yet, although Scott has resumed his sway over that very part of the public he feared Byron would win from him, there is no denying there was justification for Scott's feeling that Byron's genius as poet was superior to his own. The younger man, despite imitation, affectation, and reckless carelessness, was destined to be chief of the

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Romantic School—that school which, to quote from Thomas Moore, regarded poetry as “only to be employed as an interpreter of feeling.” Byron had many poetic qualities inferior to those of Scott, but in some of the highest he was Scott’s superior, and it was the recognition of this superiority that decided the older poet to abandon the field. “Byron hits the mark,” he declared, “where I don’t even pretend to fledge my arrow.”

CHAPTER XI

THE EARLIER NOVELS

WHEN speaking in Scott's own way of his "failure" as a poet, it must not be forgotten that the failure was only a loss of the first place in public estimation. Byron's greater popularity meant only a change in fashion. It was a time when the uprising of the French had set men to questioning much they had long accepted without doubt, and Byron's scornful defiance of the commonplace, his freedom of speech, his beauty and the romantic facts of his career drew to him more readers than Scott's poems, once their novelty was lost, could command.

But there were depths in Scott from which he could mine richer ore than Byron's youth afforded. The novels gave Scott a

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field wherein to display all the wealth he had accumulated in years of study, research, and intercourse with his countrymen. Few of his gatherings could be formed into material for his poems, but in the *Waverleys* all the rich store could be utilized for the adornment of his pages.

The only question was whether the reading public would welcome the prose-works, and this was soon triumphantly answered.

Finishing "*The Lord of the Isles*," Scott decided to work steadily at "*Guy Mannering*," and finished the novel so promptly that it came out within a month after the poem. It was at this time, as he told Lockhart afterward, that his "blood was kept at fever pitch," and the list of works completed during the previous year is amazing, both in number and variety.

The success of "*Guy Mannering*" was so great that he felt relieved from the pressure of business cares, and decided to make a trip to London—the first for six years. The events of this holiday were his meetings with

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Byron, and his dinner with the Prince Regent. Of course the dinner was most gratifying to the poet, and showed how highly he was esteemed; but to us it is a matter of only the slightest importance. It is enough to say that the prince and the poet told stories and exchanged jokes, to the admiration of the choice little company invited, and the mutual good-will thus shown resulted later in Scott's becoming "Sir Walter."

The meetings with Byron were likewise most pleasant, resulting in an interchange of civilities proving that the older poet had no petty envy of his younger rival and that the public's newer favorite, in spite of some criticisms he had written, held Scott's work in proper estimation. These two literary lions were brought frequently together in London society, and Scott says: "Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed

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opinions." At all events, it is certain that the opinions of these two men were not likely to agree, since they represented two very opposite tendencies—Scott being full of reverence for the treasures of the past, while Byron was in revolt against whatever seemed to him to interfere with the liberal tendencies of his time. But their meetings were cordial, and they exchanged two gifts that seemed most fitting—Scott giving Byron a dagger mounted with gold, receiving in return a silver vase full of bones dug from ancient sepulchres in Athens; in each case it seems remarkable how these objects typify the receiver, until we remember that each giver was thinking what would please the taste of the other.

While Scott was thus receiving the compliments of London, the news came of Napoleon's escape from Elba, his secret landing with a handful of followers, his triumphant advance to Paris as the soldiers sent to oppose him ranged themselves under his eagles, and the flight of the Bourbon

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king whose refusal "to learn anything or to forget anything" had made his brief reign a continual irritation to the French. Although Napoleon would have been willing to keep the peace, his enemies no longer trusted him, and England, Prussia, Austria and Russia once more prepared their armies and spent the spring in making ready for the summer's struggle.

Another subject that then occupied men's minds in England was the attempt to prevent the importing of grain. As times were hard in England, many men being unemployed, and taxes remained high because the war-taxation had not been lowered, there was much distress and dissatisfaction.

The certainty of war on the Continent prevented Scott from making a foreign trip he had planned, and in May he returned to Scotland, where he remained until after the meeting of the French and the Allies, during the campaign that ended with Waterloo. When it is remembered that Napoleon had left Elba February 26, to arrive in a

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land governed by his enemies, and that he was not in Paris until March 20, there is hardly a more surprising fact in his career than the strength he was able to display at Waterloo. In eighty days he had raised, equipped and put upon the field a superbly disciplined army of some seventy thousand; and lost that great battle by so little that historians are still disputing whether he should not have won if his marshals had carried out his plans.

It is not strange that Scott was, like all the public men of his time, completely absorbed in the campaign upon which the fate of so many nations hung; and that when news came of the great victory, he was eager to be one of the travelers who rushed to view the battlefield and to witness the gathering of notabilities in Paris. With three young friends, he took a stage-coach, leaving Edinburgh toward the end of July, and going by way of Cambridge and then to Harwich, riding atop to enjoy the beautiful weather.

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In the boat by which they crossed the North Sea, Scott was recognized by the captain, and Lockhart says the passage became "perilous chiefly in consequence of the unceasing tumblers in which the worthy kept drinking Scott's health."

Arrived in Paris, the English notables enabled the distinguished author to attend some of the fêtes in honor of Wellington, where he "saw half the crowned heads of Europe grouped among the gallant soldiers who had cut a way for them to the guilty capital of France," and was presented to the Duke, who treated Scott with a kindness and confidence which Scott considered "the highest distinction of his life." All this adulation was most gratifying; but to us of a later generation it may be a fair question whether there was at any of the gatherings a greater man than the novelist. The fame won by literature rests upon work later ages may value for themselves, while the renown of the statesman and soldier must seem greatest to the men of their own

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time. It is unfortunate that the author's best fame is often posthumous.

Scott's experiences during this journey formed the material for many letters which after being read by his family were slightly edited and published by Constable under the title, "Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk." Returning by way of Dieppe, Brighton and London, Scott visited Warwick, Kenilworth and Corby Castle, and soon was again at Abbotsford ready for the accumulation of matters Ballantyne brought for his attention. Among the many anecdotes Lockhart tells us, we must not omit Scott's assertion to Ballantyne that he had never felt awed or abashed except in the presence of one man—the Duke of Wellington, to whom the loyal Scotchman ascribed qualities that flattered even so great a man as the Iron Duke undoubtedly was. But, despite his admiration for the victor and his satisfaction in the downfall of Napoleon, the poem in which Scott celebrated "The Field of Waterloo" needs the apology the author

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has prefixed, being a dull moral essay instead of an ode of battle or song of victory. That it may have been popular at the time is easy to believe, but there is no reason why it should require the attention of readers to-day. Victor Hugo's prose-story of the same battle is a far finer poem. But about this time Byron's publisher, John Murray, had been bringing out that poet's works in cheaper form than the usual big quarto volumes, and Scott's "Waterloo" being issued in the same new style, attained a large sale and greatly increased the fund for the relief of Waterloo's widows and orphans, to which he had given the proceeds. After this time poems were no longer published in the bulky quarto form—and the change proved acceptable to the public.

All the prosperity Scott was now enjoying increased his desire to improve Abbotsford, and he made purchases of land that made his estate a truly lordly one, and like a lord he enjoyed it. The pages of Lock-

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hart give us pictures of many festivities and celebrations wherein Scott's hearty hospitality and eager loyalty to the head of his clan are shown, and there are plenty of incidents that show him no less ready to play the benevolent part that befitted an old manorial lord, in helping those less fortunate than he had been.

Meanwhile, succeeding the busy days of 1815, came a time of much uninterrupted work, resulting in some nine volumes of prose. Notable among these is the great novel, "The Antiquary," which appeared in May, about the time that he was also busy with the first "Tales of My Landlord," comprising "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality." The first of these was not altogether pleasing to the publisher Murray, and he ventured to suggest certain changes in the latter chapters. Scott resented this, and declared: "I belong to the Black Hussars of literature, who neither give nor receive quarter. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was

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made!" And the novel was successful enough to support Scott in his decision. "Old Mortality" is said by Lockhart to be the first of the novels that owed its being to impressions derived from books rather than from his own experiences. It was inspired by the wish to paint truthfully the character of the Viscount of Dundee—whose portrait was the only picture that adorned Scott's library. "Harold the Dauntless" was another publication of this year, but had been under way for several years, and cannot therefore be looked upon as a return to the poetical field. It was coolly received by the public, and thus confirmed Scott's resolution to give his best hours to the prose novels.

Among the general events of the year may be noted the acquisition by the government of the "Elgin Marbles," the Athenian sculptures brought from the ruined Parthenon by the Earl of Elgin between 1801 and 1803, which were sold to the British Museum for £36,000. The death of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, at the age of 65, removed

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one of the most brilliant figures of the age, a man distinguished in literature, in public life, and socially, a wit, a man of the world, but a victim to the faults of his time. He died in poverty, and was rewarded for his services to the stage and to the people by a "magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey." Sheridan's ruin was at last due to the burning of Drury Lane Theatre in 1809, a calamity that brought with it at least one blessing—the amusing "Rejected Addresses," written by Horace and James Smith, parodying the styles of those poets of the day who might be supposed to send in an "Address" for the opening of the rebuilt theatre in 1812. The imitation of Scott in this volume was so striking that he declared, "I certainly must have written this myself, though I have forgotten when," and Byron was caricatured with equal success.

Scott could hardly complain with justice, for he, too, had made free with the names of other authors. In this year he began to

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make up mottoes for his chapters instead of selecting them; not only did he write original "quotations" and credit them to "Old Play," "Old Ballad," or to fictitious authors, but now and then he used real names for his own work, once quoting from "Canto XVII" of Don Juan, of which Byron gives only sixteen cantos. This trick began one day when Ballantyne was long about finding a needed passage in an old play, whereupon Scott told him that it was easier to write than to find.

The year had been a trying one for the poor in England, and when the harvest proved small, discontent produced a number of serious riots, showing much opposition to the introduction of new machinery into the mills, where, it was believed, laborers were displaced. The first few months of 1817 saw an increase of these troubles, and there was a gathering of the unemployed into a great mob of men who, carrying blankets for warmth, marched from Manchester, probably with no other intention than to

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secure relief by bringing themselves to the notice of the government. Their procession was known as the "March of the Blanketeers," and caused much apprehension, for the French Revolution was yet fresh in men's minds, and the "Corn Laws" had caused much agitation.

The poor had much of which they might fairly complain; manufacturers had not yet been restrained by law from oppressing their workers, and children of not more than six years were compelled to work fifteen hours a day. These and similar evils caused riots among the poor and talk of reform among those who blamed the institutions of the time.

The government passed the most severe laws to put down "seditious meetings," and for a time suspended the "Habeas Corpus Act," but their scare ended when better harvests brought a return of prosperity.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAIRD OF ABBOTSFORD

IN Scott's life, 1817 was marked by the beginning of a severe illness, cramps in the stomach, "only to be relieved by blood-letting"—which gives us a hint of the medical science of the day. But in the intervals of his attacks came many pleasant days. He visited some localities connected with the life of "Rob Roy," being then engaged on that novel, and was busy in buying more land and in putting up the new buildings at Abbotsford.

To Americans the year is remarkable for the visit made by one of our own famous authors to Scott. For in August, Washington Irving was Scott's guest at Abbotsford, and has left us, written in his beautiful

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style, a most charming story of their meeting.

Another event of especial interest early in 1818 was the finding of the Scotch royal regalia which for a hundred years had remained in an old oak chest all but forgotten in Dunnottar Castle—a ruin that has a most romantic history extending even further than the days of William Wallace. The stirring scene when the old chest was forced and the “honors” of the Scottish crown again saw the light should be read at full length in the records. Scott’s impulsive protest when one of the commissioners in charge made a motion to put the ancient crown upon the head of one of the ladies, stirs the blood of the reader with hearty sympathy. It was in Dunnottar churchyard that Scott once saw David Patterson, the original of “Old Mortality,” piously renewing the Covenanters’ epitaphs, for many were brought here during the reign of Charles II. and confined in the castle dungeon.

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Every foot of Scottish soil seems overlaid with memories of the past, and even Scott's busy pen could do little more than record a few out of the luxuriant abundance. Black's "Picturesque Guide" to Scotland—especially the older editions—with Birket Foster's exquisite drawings, are treasures to the lover of Scott and his native land, and help us to know the charm of the journeys to historic scenes that gave the novelist rest and refreshment from his marvellous labors.

The year 1818, with its excellent harvest, brought for a time, at least, an end to the labor troubles; and it is said that the weather was so favorable that some trees blossomed twice. It was with Scott the time of the greatest prosperity, and during this summer Lockhart first met him, and was especially impressed by the modesty with which the great author, courted by all ranks, idolized by his countrymen, rich in power and possessions, bore his blushing honors.

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One longs to quote long passages from Lockhart—but there is the book itself, never to be neglected by any true Scott's man; and so full, so entertaining is it that only by going further afield can there be an excuse for writing about the subject at all. We may note, for example, that the German velocipede—the bicycle's forerunner—came into England at about the date of "Rob Roy" and "The Heart of Midlothian," and that steel-engraving also came into more general use in the same years; while lithography was yet a novelty. In 1819, the year of the "Bride of Lammermoor," the "Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe," came the death of James Watt about a month after the first steam-vessel crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and about three months after the birth of little Victoria, destined to come to the throne at the age of eighteen, and to reign so long that her time seems our own day and warns us that we are now approaching the present or are at least upon its threshold.

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Once Lockhart has become intimate with the Scott family, he is able to make his biography so full and so vivid that we are led to know the head of the household more intimately than any other author, for even Dr. Johnson cannot be brought so near, owing to the lapse of years and change of surroundings. With Lockhart we enter Scott's neatly systematic library; we dine at his table, see his playful frolics with his dogs, his joking with his friends and servants, his excursions by day and night. We hear him read aloud the plays of Shakespeare, or sing old ballads with more enthusiasm than melody. We learn what poems were his favorites, and we witness the celebration of a new "Waverley" by a dinner at James Ballantyne's or we meet the actors who gathered at the table of the younger brother, John,—Braham, Liston, Kean, Kemble and others less known to us.

While much is like the life of to-day, there are not wanting here and there oddities to remind us that those days are now

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some fourscore years ago; though, of course, it is in material things that the differences are most manifest. Had we lived then, we might have found life more romantic, but certainly we should have been less comfortable. No reader of the Waverley Novels need be told that Scott's knowledge of history was, for his day, wide, accurate, and profound; but in the records of his conversations with visitors to Abbotsford there is further proof that the information in his novels was drawn from a full mind and not merely "read up" for his fiction. His views, too, were independent and not those he had gleaned from historians, and were stated with a wealth of illustration and lightened by amusing stories through which one saw the people who lived the events described.

But even more delightful than the talk of the host were the quaint old customs that made a visit to Abbotsford a journey into the past. The singing of old Scotch ballads, the playing of the piper before the

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windows, the old dances, the queer drinking observances, made the days beneath Scott's roof-tree memorials of antiquity. All these revivals must have aided the novelist to revive old-time scenes, and help to account for his success in representing the life of the past.

That Scott did not overvalue old trappings may be gathered from his feelings when it was told him that the new king—for by the death of George III. on January 29, 1820, the Prince Regent became George IV.—meant to make him a Baronet. "After all," he writes to a friend, "if one must speak for themselves, I have my quarters and emblazonments, free of all stain but Border Theft and High Treason, which I hope are gentleman-like crimes; and I hope *Sir Walter Scott* will not sound worse than *Sir Humphrey Davy*, though my merits are as much under his, in point of utility, as can well be imagined."

This idea, that works of literature are of less utility than those of science, is one due

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to a prejudice hardly yet removed; the same belief was expressed by Scott in another way upon his justifying the reverence he felt for the Duke of Wellington. To-day it will not be thought absurd to assert that the world might feel as much gratitude to the poet and novelist as to the general or to the man of science. It is beginning to be admitted that the formation of character and the education of the soul are objects as worthy as the winning of battles or the increase of knowledge, while we do not feel it necessary to condemn the novelists because their lessons are conveyed in a pleasant way or without direct intention. But these views were born later than the days of Scott, who never magnified his calling.

During 1819 and 1820, Scott wrote "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," besides much minor work, though there were the usual interruptions. His illness continued, but he dictated when he could not work otherwise from pain, and he concealed his sufferings so far as possible.

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Lockhart tells us, however, that his illness was so severe that it had turned his hair white and made him so thin that his clothes hung loosely about him. But, although the author worked under such disadvantages, the novels of this time were the most widely circulated of the whole series, and the belief that their successors were as popular led Scott into expenditures he could not afford.

Among the public events of 1820 were the noted controversy as to rights and wrongs of the domestic life—or lives—of the king and queen, who were engaged in the old pot-and-kettle controversy; the discovery of the Cato Street conspiracy to murder the members of the Cabinet, a sort of forerunner of modern terrorist plots; and the death of the aged Benjamin West, the Quaker boy of Pennsylvania who became President of the English Royal Academy, a painter truly great in spite of his being limited by the conventional style of his times.

To the same year belong two noted portraits of Sir Walter—the Chantrey bust and

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the Lawrence painting, both slightly idealized, and therefore lacking a little in the force of their original. In April, Scott's eldest daughter, Sophia, became the wife of John Gibson Lockhart, whose biography thereafter gains much by his more intimate association with the family. We thus have pictured for us the great festivals of Abbotsford by one who took part in each. We see the guests gathered for the hunt, for fishing excursions, for a harvest home or a country dance, or we stand beside Scott as "on the last morning of every December" he received all the children on his estate and gave them presents, according to the old custom :

"The cottar weanies, glad and gay,
Wi' pocks out owre their shouther,
Sing at the doors of hogmanay."

In 1821, the novelist's budget was "Kenilworth," "The Fortunes of Nigel," both marvelous pictures of Elizabethan

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times, and "The Pirate," while there were two trips to London, during the second of which (begun on a steamship) he described the Coronation of George IV., the other being a business trip to look after the interests of his fellow Clerks of Sessions. An incident during the coronation gives us some measure of his popularity. Returning on foot from the banquet in Westminster Hall, the crowd became so dense that Sir Walter asked to pass through the line of soldiery and was refused. But his companion happened to call him by name, whereupon the dragoon exclaimed: "What? Sir Walter Scott?—he shall get through anyhow!" and, addressing his men, members of the Scots Greys, he ordered: "Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!" and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety.

In this year came the death of the younger Ballantyne, of whose loss Scott declared, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth."

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Toward the end of that year builders were busy at Abbotsford with the "rising edifice on Tweedside," as Lockhart calls it, and Sir Walter superintended the smallest details of the building, as if this occupation also was the only subject occupying his mind. But so busy was the Baronet, the Laird, the Novelist, the Clerk of Sessions, the Editor—for Scott never abandoned one thing upon taking up another—that the chronicles of a single year might easily be expanded to a chapter without the bringing in of outside matters.

Thus in 1821 and 1822 we have all the incidents of the king's visit to Edinburgh, with Scott as master of ceremonies; all his negotiations about new works with Constable; his enthusiastic publisher; the continued influx of visitors to Abbotsford; and if we turn to events of the time we must chronicle the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, the agitation over a revolution in Spain, the disgraceful riots during the funeral of Queen Caroline, the rise of Sir

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Robert Peel, his efforts to reform the criminal laws, the death of Shelley, and a thousand other happenings of less moment, including even the lighting of St. Paul's by gas and the carrying of the mails by steam vessels.

We can say only that the time was one of awakening reforms; people began to believe that the state of their neighbors might not be due entirely to some mysterious decree of Providence, but to the neglect of men's duties toward their fellows. Sir Robert Peel's reform of the criminal code abolished the death penalty for a hundred crimes, and was not followed by any marked increase in criminal offenses. Nor was the spirit of benevolence confined to the national lines, for England busied herself with protestations against coercion of the peoples of Naples and Spain by the Russian, Prussian and Austrian governments, and in subscribing to a fund for the benefit of the Greeks who had risen against Turkish tyranny.

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Another question attracting public sympathy was whether workingmen's unions should be permitted to combine against their employers, and it was a main object of the reformers to repeal laws forbidding this. An attempt to reduce duties on imports also showed a tendency toward free trade.

The historian Gardiner says: "The better side of the revolutionary upturning, its preference of the natural to the artificial, and of the humble to the exalted, inspired the best work of Scott. . . . His skill in depicting the pathos and the humor of the lowly stood him in better stead than his skill in bringing before his readers the chivalry and the pageantry of the past."

A zealous advocate of reform was Jeremy Bentham, who advocated universal suffrage, annual parliaments, codification of the laws, and other changes that he considered necessary in order to secure "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." This phrase, coined by Priestley, became a favor-

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ite with Bentham and his followers, who set in motion many of the reforms that have changed the very ideas of government.

Such were the public questions occupying men's minds while Sir Walter was producing "Peveril of the Peak," and "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet," of which only the third had to do with the writer's own times and surroundings. Meanwhile, the work of completing his home went on, groves of trees were planted, and by the end of 1824 Abbotsford, with its strange combination of mediæval architecture, museum-furnishing, and the most modern improvements, might be looked upon as finished. Enormous as had been Scott's expenditure upon his lands and his castle, all seemed warranted by the returns from his novels. So soon as the publisher began to fear a falling-off in sales, some lucky hit or fortunate shift of the wind of public favor would reassure him.

It was thus with "Quentin Durward." Though received without great enthusiasm

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at home, the novel created a furore on the Continent, and once more the sun of prosperity shone clearly.

Nevertheless, the reception of "St. Ronan's Well" was not so encouraging as that of some of its predecessors; and when "Redgauntlet" also failed to reach an enormous sale, Sir Walter abated somewhat his zeal in novel-writing and gave more of his time to other labors, such as a new edition of his Swift's works, a number of reviews, and a tribute to the memory of Lord Byron. By this time, too, the woods of Abbotsford required thinning, and Lockhart gives us a picture of Sir Walter as a woodsman, trying in vain to acquire the use of the narrow American axe, and returning to the broader English pattern. Indoors, he superintended the painting and furnishing of his house, or decided where to place the rich gifts that poured in from generous friends—books, chairs, "articles of curiosity."

So far as human foresight could reach, Scott saw no reason to fear the future. All

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his early ambitions were realized. He had attained fame and fortune, was universally esteemed and praised; he had acquired the estates that he hoped to hand down to his posterity, and seemed capable in mind and in body to strengthen and consolidate the edifice he had reared to such a lofty height. It is not strange that he considered these years his happiest.

CHAPTER XIII

THE END OF PROSPERITY

AT the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century came a period of speculation. Scott calls 1825 "the celebrated year of projects." Exactly what were the causes underlying it, what form it took, and what it meant to Englishmen of different ranks will be best appreciated by reading with more care than is usual among readers of fiction, Chapter XII. of Charles Reade's "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." Here in living words and in pictures sketched with that great novelist's power can be seen the causes, the history, and the results of that great wave of speculation that swept over England, involving the most conservative houses, inducing the

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most prudent to risk all they had and more, and, when it subsided, leaving widespread ruin that included Sir Walter Scott among its victims.

The direct cause of Scott's financial wreck was the confidence that was reposed by him in his printer, Ballantyne, by Ballantyne in the publisher, Constable, and by both in Scott and his ability to produce books that would sell for enormous sums of money.

But before the final crash came, Scott was to have one more delightful year at Abbotsford. The year 1825 began with preparations for the wedding of Scott's son, a grand ball being given that brought to the Scott home the most brilliant company that had ever come under its roof. Of the pleasures enjoyed by the guests we have a minute picture in the diary of Captain Basil Hall, whom Lockhart describes as "a traveler and a *savant*, full of stories and theories, inexhaustible in spirits, curiosity and enthusiasm." This diary was no doubt based upon

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notes taken at the time, as Lockhart mentions Scott's annoyance on seeing Captain Hall's notebook in use during dinner; but though we may criticise the method of securing the facts, we must be glad to have the intimate pictures of life at Abbotsford. Thus we are told that Scott was never a restraint upon the young people of the household, who seemed "perfectly at ease in his presence. His coming into the room only increases the laugh and never checks it—he either joins in what is going on or passes. No one notes him any more than if he were one of themselves." And this was because he made himself one of them.

Captain Hall describes the betrothal ball, though without an idea of its significance to Walter Scott, Jr., and Lockhart makes the comment that, "It was the first regular ball given at Abbotsford, and the last. Nay, I believe nobody has ever danced under that roof since then. I myself never again saw the whole range of apartments thrown open for the reception of company

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except once—on the day of Sir Walter Scott's funeral."

The couple were married in February, and went at once to live in Ireland, where the young husband, an officer of hussars, was stationed. Here, as we shall see, Sir Walter visited them in the following summer.

Though the novelist's earnings were very large, so were the demands upon his purse. In this year, 1825, besides all regular expenses, we find noted £3,500 advanced to secure his son's commission as captain, and £1,750 pledged to aid two friends in securing the management of the Adelphi Theatre,—some \$25,000 from which Scott himself received not a penny's worth of benefit. Every relative, every friend, to say nothing of a host of dependents, came confidently to share in the stream of golden guineas that flowed from the tip of Sir Walter's magic wand, his unresting pen.

The publisher, Constable, too, was ever imagining new tasks for the busy writer.

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He came one Saturday to dine at Abbotsford, and with enthusiasm outlined a grand scheme for making everybody buy books, and pay for them in small amounts at intervals—an early form of the modern instalment plan. Scott was keenly interested, seeing at a glance the possibilities, and after discussion agreed to use for publication in this method his projected “Life of Napoleon,” though it was first to appear in the regular way. The other literary work that busied him at this time comprised the two novels that began the group of four volumes called “Tales of the Crusaders.” These were “The Betrothed” and “The Talisman,” the first being considered a weakling that needed to lean for support upon the stronger brother. But, as Clement Shorter says in his introduction to the Temple edition, “It is not certain that James Ballantyne’s verdict as to the relative merits of ‘The Betrothed’ and ‘The Talisman’ would be endorsed now. The schoolboy doubtless would prefer ‘The

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Talisman,' the adult 'The Betrothed.' . . . It demands no indulgence as an inferior work by a great master." Constable, soon after the two appeared, wrote Scott that general opinion declared the books of equal excellence; and even if we declare "The Betrothed" inferior to some of the Waverleys, we must recognize it as among the better of the series in purely literary quality as opposed to popular merits. The success of these books was reassuring, and soon after their appearance Scott made his promised trip to Ireland to visit his son, sailing through the grand scenery of the Forth of Clyde, visiting at Drogheda the scene of the Battle of the Boyne, where a veteran of dragoons did the honors, and was delighted by Sir Walter's recitation of a ballad describing the battle. The party reached Dublin on the 14th of July.

Here Scott was received with every conceivable mark of "homage and hospitality," not only from those of the upper ranks, but from the people generally. "When he en-

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tered a street," Lockhart says, "the shopkeepers and their wives stood bowing and curtsying all the way down." From Dublin excursions were made to the surrounding country, and then, on August 1st, the party went to Edgeworthstown, the locality identified with Maria Edgeworth, and also with the birth and schooldays of Goldsmith.

Here the meeting with Miss Edgeworth called from Scott an expression of his belief in the higher worth of *life* as opposed to *literature*—too long to quote here, but valuable as showing the great novelist's true estimate of the secondary place of art. So sane, so true, so forcible are countless sayings of Scott that we can only sum up their effect upon us by declaring the man to be infinitely greater than the greatest of his books. His writing is only the daily current of his thoughts. In his diary, in the reports of his friends, in all the biographies, we see the same rich personality lavishing its wealth on all around.

Though the misery of Ireland, the

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squalid poverty, the human suffering depressed him, Scott keenly enjoyed the Irish humor and good-humor, and was hospitably received by almost every class. He kissed the Blarney Stone, and then returned to Dublin, from which on the 18th of August he left for England, meeting Canning and Wordsworth, and Professor Wilson at Windermere, where were "brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings and delicious boatings on the lakes by moonlight." Next, Wordsworth was visiter at Rydal Mount, and Southey at Keswick, and at last, after a tour Scott declared "one ovation," he was again at Abbotsford, September 1st.

More can be said of this last happy year because those that followed were depressing and marked by few striking occasions. Lockhart tells how the return home was followed by a resumption of the hunts, the rides, the rambles, the visits that delighted the Laird of Abbotsford, and says the only change was in the workroom, for the "Life

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of Napoleon" required hard reading of the great wagon-loads of books Constable had sent from town, and this Sir Walter found exhausting. "It now often made me sorry," writes Lockhart, "to catch a glimpse of him stooping and poring with his spectacles amidst piles of authorities—a little note-book ready in the left hand that had always used to be at liberty for patting Maida"—his pet hound.

But there were bright days yet, and among these must be reckoned those that brought Thomas Moore to visit at Abbotsford. Each poet pleased the other, and each has left record of his impressions in a description of the meeting, from which one longs to quote the friendly words that show an even kindlier friendship than existed between Scott and Wordsworth and more sympathy than was between Scott and Byron. Indeed, Moore relates that Scott, on the morning succeeding his coming, declared, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life!" and then took him for a

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walk through the estate, while they discussed the great abundance of poets at the time. Scott jokingly remarked, "Ecod!—we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows!" while Moore was convinced that "hardly a magazine published but contained verses which some thirty years earlier would have made a reputation."

If such was their opinion in 1825, one wonders what the gossiping couple would have said had their conversation taken place in our own day, eighty years later, when it is unusual for any person prominently before the public to refrain from pen and printers' ink.

Coming after Moore was another visitor of a very different type, a Mrs. Coutts, formerly an actress and soon to become the Duchess of St. Albans, a good-natured woman in whom an American reader will feel no interest except as her reception exhibited Sir Walter's tact and kindness in overcoming the prejudices of other lady visitors then at Abbotsford, and as Lock-

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hart's account of her visit enables him to show that Scott's regard for wealth and rank was never exaggerated nor due to snobbery. The representative of an old Scotch family, and descendant of men distinguished in Scottish annals, was in his eyes better worthy of his reverence than men of greater social influence and wealth; and if he sought the society of the greatest of the kingdom, it was only because the best men and women of his time had sought his friendship. He certainly never was lacking in warmth of affection or in faithfulness to old friends, whatever their rank, power or station.

A man who was worldly would have been crushed by the reverses that came upon Sir Walter Scott at the end of this last prosperous year. Lockhart came back from London with news of trouble in the financial and commercial world. But when the rumors were repeated, Scott treated them lightly, declaring them exaggerated. It was hard for him to believe that printers

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and publishers had been so carried away by the mania of speculation as to invest in the stocks and securities of distant, foreign mining companies. But there had been time enough to recover from the long wars, the recent harvests were abundant, commerce with America was active, money was plenty, and just at this time attention was drawn to the mineral wealth of South America. There was also an expansion of the currency owing to an issue of small bank-notes by country banks, as permitted by the government, and all enterprise was abnormally stimulated by this apparent plenty of money—really of paper notes based only upon the credit of the country bankers, who were, under the old system of banking, merely private business men issuing notes upon their own responsibility under very slight restrictions. To quote from Charles Reade's novel: "Men's faces shone with excitement and hope. The dormant hoards of misers crept out of their napkins and sepulchral strong-boxes into the warm

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air of the golden time. The mason's chisel chirped all over the kingdom, and the ship-builders' hammers rang all round the coast; corn was plenty, money became a drug; labor, wealth; and poverty and discontent vanished from the face of the land. . . . New joint-stock companies were started in crowds as larks rise and darken the air in winter. . . . The mind can hardly conceive any species of earthly enterprise that was not fitted with a company, oftener with a dozen."

But we can sum up the whole situation by saying that all England was blowing speculation bubbles.

At last the foreign creditors began to present their paper for conversion into gold, confidence in paper securities was shaken, there came a run upon the banks, and a panic began. In less than six weeks seventy banks went down. The Bank of England itself barely weathered the storm, by the aid of foreign financiers, and by the use of some £1 notes that had been with-

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drawn from circulation, but not destroyed. The panic at length ceased, but Constable, Ballantyne and Scott were among its victims.

Into the controversy as to fixing the blame for the failures we shall not enter. It is unfair to accept the *ex parte* statement of either side, and it is certain that loose methods of conducting business, issuing notes and assuming obligations were adopted and sanctioned by all parties, and when Constable's London correspondents, Hurst, Robinson & Co., failed, the whole chain snapped, and, as Lockhart admits, "Sir Walter Scott was too plainly conscious of the strong tricks he had allowed his own imagination to play, not to make allowance" for the others.

It was, however, some time before Scott could realize how great was the disaster in which he was involved. His diary, which begins in November, 1825, shows at first a confidence that he could pay all he owed. But week by week the deficits grew, all at-

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tempts to patch over holes failed, and at last it was seen that all sums thrown into the quagmire would be engulfed and yet the situation would remain as bad as before.

Then began in Scott's journal a veritable Book of Lamentations, wherein is deplored the failure of all his plans for the future, but especially the coming of distress to all those whom he had befriended—the dependents upon his estate, the cottagers to whom he had been the kindest of landlords, his relatives, his friends. All this is set forth day by day, with a sparkling force of comment that makes those anxious days live again. The pressure of evil was so great that when, owing to hopeful reports, it was for a time removed, Sir Walter's elastic spirit rebounds, and he writes a song that sets one's heart beating whenever it is sung. We read in his diary for December 22d: "The air of 'Bonnie Dundee' running in my head to-day, I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the keynote from the history of Clavers [Claverhouse], leaving

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the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-89. I wonder if they are good. Can't say what made me take a frisk so uncommon of late years as to write verses of free-will. I suppose the same impulse which makes birds sing when the storm has blown over."

But, unfortunately, the "storm" never did blow over, and in a few days Constable was revolving wild schemes for borrowing money on all his copyrights, on Sir Walter's credit, on anything and everything that would enable him to stave off his creditors. Time soon showed that the firms owed more money than any of them imagined, and when the debts were finally stated clearly it was found that Sir Walter was responsible for about £130,000, or \$650,000.

This was bad enough, but, although his Edinburgh creditors were inclined to be most lenient, there were among those who had lost by the failure some who talked of contesting the transferring of Abbotsford to Sir Walter's son upon his marriage.

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Consideration and inquiry revealed that there was no likelihood of overturning the conveyance, but Scott, in view of all the gossip, came to the resolution of asking only for time, trusting to pay all or the larger part of his debt by busy employment of his pen.

If the power to create remained, he felt that he might hope to satisfy his creditors, but his consuming anxiety was lest his troubles should paralyze the creative imagination, and thus leave him impotent.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAST YEARS

SCOTT'S proposal to his creditors was in the nature of a compromise, and when they threatened to press him more closely than he thought fair he warned them that if they took to "the sword of the law," he would "lay hold of the shield." It was therefore settled that he was to retain Abbotsford, live on his official salary and labor with his best diligence until the debt was settled; and under these conditions he resumed a course of life from which all but the drudgery had been removed.

It is, of course, true that the whole matter of Scott's financial distress was not of public concern, but when one remembers that in 1815 Parliament had granted to

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Wellington £200,000 *in addition* to the grant of £400,000 he had received the year before, one is led to consider how much greater is the public gratitude to a soldier than to a poet and novelist, and to reflect whether the services of the general were of so much more value to the state and the people than those of the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Even if we admit the claims of Wellington, what shall be said of the sums that were being granted to obscure branches of the royal family, while the brain of Scott, the greatest poetic agency in the realm, was paralyzed by financial troubles for which his moral responsibility was of the slightest? Merely as a matter of public policy, it would seem quite as important to expend public money in relieving Scott as in acquiring a collection of pictures to found a national gallery, as was done at about this time by Parliament.

But there was no recognition then of the value of literature to the state, and the rest

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of Scott's life is like that of a convict at hard labor, excepting only a trip to the Continent, which may be likened to the placing of a criminal in an infirmary. Even while the question of ruin was in the balance, Scott kept on turning out the pages of "Woodstock," as well as acquiring and shaping the facts of his "Life of Napoleon." When the novel was disposed of in April, 1826, it sold for £8,228, "a matchless sale," Scott's diary records, "for less than three months' work," and the interest of the public in the author's financial ruin helped in the book's success. A reflection of Scott's own troubles may be seen in the dignified grief of Sir Henry Lee, the Royalist, and in the faithful affection of his daughter. A favorite hound even, the dog Bevis, is a portraiture of Scott's own "Maida," and we feel in the emotions of the owner of Woodstock at the coming of the Roundheads the suffering of the Laird of Abbotsford in the downfall of his own cherished ambitions.

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If his delineation of Cromwell is not in all respects satisfactory to those whom Carlyle has led to regard the Protector as something almost superhuman, it may yet be said to be notably fair when we consider Scott's Toryism, his love for the Stuart cause, and his state of mind when the book was written. The portrait of Charles II. is, on the whole, not unfairly drawn, when it is remembered that before the Restoration Charles' personal popularity with his own adherents was proof he was capable of disinterestedness, and might have shown the qualities exhibited in the novel. Besides his literary work, Scott found time to busy himself with political pamphleteering. Under the name "Malachi Malagrowther" he vigorously opposed the attempt of the English government to forbid the issuing of small bills by the Scotch banks, and bore no small part in the defeat of that measure. The writing of these pamphlets gave him pleasure, as he could give full rein to his feelings, and could exhibit his pluck so that,

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as he put it, "people will not dare talk of me as an object of pity—no more *poor manning!*"

In May, 1826, Lady Scott died, and he writes: "For myself, I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the wave that breaks on it." Then within two weeks we see him at work again, laboring over the long "Life of Napoleon"—which had grown to such compass as to equal four of his novels and which was finished within the two years that also saw, besides other work, the completion of the "Chronicles of the Canon-gate," including the "Highland Widow," "The Two Drovers" and "The Surgeon's Daughter," and a translation of the memoirs of the Marchioness de la Rochejacquelin. The biography of Napoleon is said to be vigorous and picturesque, but "far too long for the general reader, and not authoritative enough for the special student." It was popular enough, nevertheless, to bring in £18,000, or \$90,000, and Scott's credi-

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tors in 1827 passed a vote of thanks for the indefatigable industry that had produced within so brief a time nearly \$200,000.

There was some doubt of the success of the "Chronicles of the Canongate," and after two shorter stories, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" and "The Laird's Jock," failed to satisfy his home critics, Scott began "The Fair Maid of Perth," which at first was called "St. Valentine's Eve." By April, 1828, this novel was done and proved to hit the public taste. To the same year belongs the first series of the "Tales of a Grandfather," charming retellings of the stories of Scotch history, which were afterward continued to four volumes. Indeed, as regards the rest of his life, one can find room for little more than the names of the products that flowed from beneath his moving pen. He was editing all his novels anew, supplying introductions, comments and notes, and thus preparing for a new edition, which he calls his "Opus Magnum," a complete repository of what he

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wished known of himself and his work so far as it relates to the novels. He was trying one sort of production after another in his distrust of his power of retaining public interest, and so far as possible he strove to continue that busy life the fall of his fortunes had interrupted.

The few journeys he made must now have the excuse of collecting material for his work, and every hour that he took from his desk seemed to him filched from his creditors. It would be interesting to know just what basis existed for the indebtedness that crushed Scott—whether it represented actual services rendered, or was not rather to be classed with the stock-gambling gains that have so little moral claim. If, however, he considered himself bound, we can have no right to object. We may reflect, when in danger of becoming too sentimental over Scott's labors, that even at the worst he was in no harder straits than the vast majority of mankind who must earn their bread. If Sir Walter could not pay his

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thousands of pounds, there are countless men who are equally unable to discharge debts that are much smaller. This Scotch baronet, getting toward sixty years of age, had enjoyed many long years of sunny prosperity; he had been especially blessed in being free from those troubles of life that are hardest to bear; he had been rich, courted, honored, admired; and, if his adversity touches our hearts, it is in great part due to the contrast between the earlier brightness and the later gloom.

In addition to money cares, domestic affliction, and oppressive labor, Scott struggled also against bodily ills and infirmities. Lockhart speaks of the R and R R marks in Scott's journal as indicating attacks of "rheumatism" and "rheumatism redoubled," but even days of suffering are also marked by the numbers indicating how many pages have gone to the completing of the literary work he has on hand. We have from a nephew of James Hogg, the poet, a sketch of Scott's working hours, which

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shows him busy at his tasks from six in the morning till six at night, only interrupted by meals served in the room of the Edinburgh lodging-house where he then lived. Yet Scott was the last to consider labor a curse, and is quoted as saying, even at a later date than this, "I consider the capacity to labor as part of the happiness I have enjoyed." The bemoaning of his fate was never heard from his lips. He declared bravely, "I have had as much happiness in my time as most men, and I must not complain now."

The accounts given by those who then enjoyed his friendship confirm the impressions received from his own diary. There was still about him the same air of cheery industry, the same readiness for every task, and, if now and then he suffered, he kept his troubles to himself, as in the old times when dictating "Ivanhoe" he had asked that the door of his study be closed lest the family should hear his groans of pain.

So passed the years from 1826 to 1829,

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with the production of the second series of "The Chronicles of the Canongate," which was made up of the two volumes of "The Fair Maid of Perth," the "Tales of a Grandfather," and a few miscellaneous works. The next year saw the writing of "Anne of Geierstein," which was to prove, in the opinion of the critics, the last production of the author in which "the pervasive presence of his genius is to be distinctly felt." Though it can hardly be denied that the book contains single scenes worthy even of his best hours, one may admit that some portions tax the reader's patience in these modern days of lazy reading and "fiction made easy." Clement Shorter, in his notice to the Temple edition, declares that "The Talisman" is unworthy of Scott, while asserting that the last three he wrote are free from signs of decadence; and the same critic, after giving a moving, if brief, account of how Ballantyne's criticism bothered the laboring novelist, declares very truly and sensibly, that Scott's novels are

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read in the whole set. "We all," says he, "have our favorites, based very often on nationality, on the mood of the moment, on the particular environment in which we have read the particular story, based very rarely on any profound critical judgment."

Would it be an impertinence to put the question, How many of Scott's readers are capable of passing a judgment of any value upon the relative rank of his novels? Certainly there are few things more amazing than the differences of opinion upon this subject; and one reads with blank amazement the assertion that a gathering of literary men once by secret ballot unanimously voted "St. Ronan's Well" the best of the Waverley Novels. It might be possible without very deep research to find expert opinion declaring any one of the Waverleys to be "the best" of the series. It is even doubtful whether a reader who did not know the circumstances of the writing of "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," would detect any such falling off

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in the author's skill as placed these two books below several of those written in the time of his prosperity and happiness.

Yet these last days were days of illness and suffering, as well as of money troubles. This illness had begun as long before as 1818, when Scott was seized by a cramp in the right side, that for a number of years returned periodically. Gradually the sturdy Scotch laird was by successive illnesses worn almost to a skeleton. He lost his ruddy color, and his hair became white, and Ruskin declares that after these first attacks there was lacking a certain joyousness and humor that had brightened the pages of his earlier novels. During two brief intervals of health a return of this lightsome spirit brightened again the pages of "Redgauntlet" and "The Fortunes of Nigel"; but about 1823 had come a slight apoplectic stroke, greatly alarming Scott and his friends. But, to quote the biography by James Hay, "From 1826 to the year of his death the records of his existence are only

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the records of one long martyrdom," and yet during his sufferings he was compelled to work harder and for more hours than ever before.

The result was a weakening of his mental power that first became evident to him by the failure of his memory. He failed to recognize the words of one of his own songs when it was sung to him at a party in London, and from this period is dated the beginning of his complete breaking down. Despite the interference of friends and physicians, Scott tried to make sheer will power do the work of imagination until even his publishers were compelled to warn him that he was overtaxing his mind.

In 1830, his creditors had treated him so kindly that he felt willing to accept their gift of his library and furniture, and he retired to Abbotsford, at the same time resigning his clerkship in the Court of Session. Against the wish of his publishers he began "Count Robert of Paris," and we are told by his amanuensis that "Scott

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would at times pause in his dictation and look dazed, as if awakening out of a dream, or as a man mocked by shadows." But this failure of intellect as yet seemed only to affect his creative imagination, for his reasoning powers in letter-writing or in conversation remained nearly unimpaired.

In 1831 came other warnings that the end of his life was near, and, though he rallied from a third stroke of apoplexy and paralysis, he seemed to suffer even more from the declaration of his publishers—Cadell & Ballantyne—that "Count Robert" was a failure. But the dying man was now in such a condition that he could hardly feel the shocks that were killing him, and, convinced that he had but a short time to live, he was eager to make every penny he could, in order to reduce his enormous liabilities.

Everything combined to worry him. Cruellest of all, almost his last appearances in public, or at least in active life, were accompanied by such brutal treatment by rowdies as to remain in Scott's memory to

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plague him on his dying bed. For reasons seeming good to himself, Scott was deeply interested in opposing the efforts of the reforming politicians of his day. He believed that the remedies they offered were in a way worse than the undoubted evils they hoped to cure. Excitement at the polls ran high, and the election days of that time were such as we may see them described in the pages of "Pickwick," or depicted in the stirring caricatures of Hogarth.

Scott faced the mobs boldly, but was hissed and abused, and at an election in Jedburgh was even pelted and spat upon, so that his friends compelled him to escape from the town by an obscure way. This occasion was the one that came to his mind in the delirium that preceded his death. This election was in many ways a serious irritation to Sir Walter, and especially because it was the means of alienating him from James Ballantyne—almost the last of the friends who had been with him from the beginning. "Castle Dangerous," therefore,

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was begun without Ballantyne's knowledge, and Lockhart took the place of Sir Walter's lifelong critic.

In order to verify his knowledge of the scenes of this novel, Scott made his last "raid" into the country, and then returned to give the last touches to the final *Waverley Novels*—for, as Scott said, quoting the motto Dr. Johnson had upon his watch face, and which Scott had cut on his sundial, "The night cometh when no man can work."

As a last resort, it was resolved to try the effect of foreign travel, and the very government which Scott had opposed so bitterly in the last election was prevailed upon by his friend, Captain Basil Hall (unknown to Scott), to furnish a frigate for taking the invalid to Italy. The novelist, however, continued to work at odd tasks until the fall, and received certain old friends at Abbotsford, among whom we know best the novelist, G. P. R. James, and J. M. W. Turner.

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Altogether it was a happy time, and all the happier because of a delusion on the part of Sir Walter that his great debts were at last settled, and that he was a free man. Then came news that Major Walter Scott, his son, would be able to make the continental trip with his father, and on September 17, 1831, there was a grand dinner at Abbotsford quite in the old style, when the son of Robert Burns and his wife were the guests of honor, and the Laird of Abbotsford presided once more at the head of a brilliant table.

Three days later Wordsworth and his daughter came to go with Sir Walter to Newark, which gave rise to the poem, "Yarrow Revisited," and then, after these last pleasant days with this lifelong friend, Scott went to London, where he saw many scenes of mob violence, arising in consequence of the rejection of the Reform Bill, and was the object of many kindly and flattering attentions, but kept much to himself through a dislike to exhibiting his infirmi-

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ties to strangers. Here, awaiting favorable conditions for sailing, Scott remained until October 29th, and then the frigate bore him away toward Italy.

CHAPTER XV

HIS CONTINENTAL JOURNEY AND DEATH AT ABBOTSFORD

THE kindness shown in placing a government frigate at the disposal of the invalid author inspired not only the officials of the Navy Department, but every man aboard the vessel. Officers and sailors alike seemed to consider it a valued privilege if they might do anything to soothe the harassed mind of Sir Walter Scott.

Since the vessel had been set aside for no other purpose than his journey, the commander did not hesitate to change his course whenever by so doing he could bring to Sir Walter's eyes a striking view or one that brought up historical reminiscences. At one part of the voyage the ship was moored

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near a strange volcanic island, which a few months before had suddenly been heaved up from the bottom of the sea. Sir Walter and some of the passengers went ashore and rambled over the lava blocks that formed the substance of the island, and when the invalid's strength gave out a sturdy sailor took him up and carried him pick-a-back, to Sir Walter's great glee. This strange island was already crumbling, and soon after disappeared, remaining above the water no more than four months.

Scott's interest in scenes and localities varied greatly. At one time his mind seemed wearied so that it was difficult to fix his attention, but at another he showed nearly all his old curiosity and intentness in the study of associations connected with places passed or visited. Thus, upon reaching Malta—where the whole ship's company, by the way, were subjected to a quarantine for nine days, because of the fear of an outbreak of cholera in Europe (which took place not many months later in Edinburgh,

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London and Dublin) —Scott was unwearied in collecting the romantic traditions and historic legends connected with the island. Evidently he saw in them materials for another romance as great as “Ivanhoe” or “The Talisman.” Nor is this mere supposition, for it is a fact that he did a great deal of work upon the composition of such a romance, though he was unable to finish it.

Lockhart tells us that, like many invalids in the same general condition, it was difficult for Scott to refrain from excesses at the table. It may be that his failing strength gave him a perverted appetite; but though he ate eagerly he was unable to digest his food and suffered greatly in consequence. The progress of his disease was shown especially in his failing memory, though it is possible that, because of the unusual perfection of this faculty in Scott, his friends now saw more clearly the lapses from its best condition. But all who have given us any account of these last months of

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Scott's life emphasize his unfailing gentleness and courtesy, a kindliness of soul which never, even in his own sufferings, forgot to consider the smallest claims upon him.

When they reached Naples, Scott was greatly cheered by the welcome of his son Charles, then an attaché of the British embassy in that city. By the courtesy of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, the period of quarantine was cut short—a form of royal prerogative rather startling to the modern scientific sense—and the travelers were soon established in a Neapolitan palace.

Here Scott was visited and courted by notables of whom we need make no list, although Lockhart records their names. In this city Scott remained about four months, leading the life of a distinguished visitor, being welcomed into the learned societies and studying the antiquities in the museums. Sir Walter also collected many old ballads and popular stories, showing that the instinct of his boyhood still controlled his

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age. The mass of these old documents was so great that when bound in vellum they formed about a dozen volumes.

But, evidently, this was due rather to a lifelong habit than to a really keen interest in his surroundings. It was soon seen that the past was more alive to Sir Walter's mind than even the most interesting scenes of the present. As Lockhart puts it, "He felt comparatively little interest in anything he saw unless he connected it somehow with traditions or legends, mediæval history or romance, or traced some resemblance to the scenery of familiar associations at home." Only the impressiveness of Pompeii seemed to force his mind from its contemplation of the past. Sir Walter was carried everywhere, from house to house, examining everything with great care, and every now and then audibly whispering, "The city of the dead—the city of the dead!" Perhaps something in this ruinous remnant of the great past reminded him of his own condition.

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During all this time there was a semblance of the old self that deceived even Sir Walter into the belief that he had useful years still before him. He went to the houses of his friends, enjoyed more of their hospitality than was good for him, and even took up the pen once more. He wrote many chapters upon his romance drawn from the history of the Island of Malta, and also composed a number of stories dealing with the exploits of the banditti of Naples. The handwriting of these works bore most eloquent testimony of the author's condition, as it was hardly decipherable; and yet Scott evidently believed his writing had the old power, for he expressed himself as sure that upon his return to Scotland he would be able to produce much good work for the press.

There was one delusion beginning about this time which proved a veritable blessing. For some unaccountable reason, Scott became more and more possessed with the idea that the great mass of debt that had

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been crushing him to death, and under which he had struggled with the strength of a dying giant, had at last fallen from his back, and that he was free again, and free with honor. Of course, no one was cruel enough to awaken him from this blessed dream. In the conviction that he owed nothing, Sir Walter made a most touching speech. Convinced that his debts were paid, he said that he could once more have his big dogs about him; that no one could complain that it cost too much to keep them. "I am keeping my dogs," said he, "as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach."

Another result of his sense of freedom was the revival of his longing to write poetry, and upon Lockhart's asking him why he had ever given it up, with his usual honest directness he answered, "Because Byron *bet* me," pronouncing the word "beat" in that way. When Lockhart tried to combat this idea Scott insisted, naming the respects in which he considered his own work in-

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ferior to Byron's. "He *bet* me out of the field in the description of the strong passions, and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart; so I gave up poetry for the time."

Hereafter, all his speech was of the happy days he expected when he should once more find himself in Abbotsford, free of debt. Now and then, it is true, he would remember that the debts were not all paid; but, fortunately, for the most part the delusion remained to make his last days happy.

Scott left Naples on the 16th of April, and soon his diary abruptly ends, after recording the entry into Rome.

A locality that interested him very much in the same way that Malta had done was Rhodes, and he began to collect material for a poem about it; but a dear friend who had invited Scott to visit him at Corfu, was at this time ordered to India, and for some reason Scott's thoughts were turned homeward.

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His longing for Abbotsford ever increased, and when he received the news of the death of Goethe on the 22d of March, remarking that "*he* died at home," Scott determined to turn once more to Scotland. A visit to Rome was made upon the way, but though here, as at Naples, he met the most agreeable society, Scott for the most part was so ill as to be almost apathetic, being interested only in the relics of the Stuarts, preserved in one of the Roman villas, and especially by Canova's monument to Charles Edward in St. Peter's.

But that the failure of Sir Walter's faculties had not weakened the general cast of his thought, is evident from a conversation in which it was remarked that part of Goethe's popularity was owing to pieces that in his old age the German writer may have regretted. As to his own work, Scott said: "I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me

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to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles."

On the 11th of May, Scott left Rome, and to one who has an affectionate interest in him the rest of his days are no more than an affliction. As Lockhart says, "their story can hardly be told too briefly." We seem to be with a dying friend.

Although the rest of his continental trip included visits to Florence and Bologna, it was with difficulty that the dying man could be induced to take any interest in the sights of these historic towns. In crossing the Apennines he was reminded of Scotland by the snow and the pine trees, but, excepting visits to "The Bridge of Sighs" and the adjoining dungeons in Venice, nothing seems to have roused him from his general lethargic state.

Unfortunately, owing to the stupidity of the medical tradition of the time, there seemed to be no idea of benefiting the dying invalid except by copious blood-letting.

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Whenever there was a break-down, recourse seems to have been had immediately to the lancet, and it is not strange that under this barbarous treatment Sir Walter's strength failed him more and more as he approached home.

Even in his dying state, however, the beauty of the banks of the Rhine awakened Sir Walter's love of natural scenery, and his journey upon that river brought him great delight until after Cologne was passed and the more striking scenery left behind. During the rest of the journey, that his life was almost at an end became more and more evident. About the middle of June he was in London, but could only keep his bed in a state of stupor or delirium, now and then relieved by brief times when his mind was clear. During these sad days the street in front of the hotel where he was staying was thronged by a crowd of eager, sad inquirers, as much affected as if by the dangerous illness of a near relative. Those who went in and out were continually

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stopped and besought to give the latest news of the patient's condition.

There having been spread a report that even at this time Scott was worried by his burden of debt, members of the government sent word to his relatives that if they would but name the sum necessary to clear off his obligations, it would be at once advanced from the treasury. Inquiries from the greatest in the kingdom were frequent.

At length, his constant yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal, and the moment this was notified to him it seemed to infuse new vigor into his frame. On the 7th of July he was lifted from his bed and began his journey to his own home. Throughout the whole trip he received every possible aid ingenuity could devise; everything that could lend him comfort was foreseen and provided for.

The approach to Abbotsford roused his dying faculties. He gained in strength with every mile, recognized the striking fea-

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tures of the country, and even began to talk about them, being greatly excited by the familiar scenes. When his house was reached and he was welcomed by the household, and especially by the whining, fawning dogs, he sobbed and laughed alternately until, exhausted, he fell asleep.

Then came the days of waiting for the inevitable end, for all saw it was near, although the first effects of his return had been so favorable that the family were almost encouraged to hope that he might for a time be his old self again. He was pushed about the grounds in a rolling chair. Lockhart writes that when Sir Walter entered the library, "he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said, 'Need you ask? There is but one,' and listened intently to part of the Gospel of St. John." To Scott's great delight he found himself able to follow the reading with perfect comprehension, and to recognize the familiar words and phrases; but the great change that had taken place in

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him was shown at other times when he listened to some of the poems of Crabbe that he knew word for word, commenting upon them as if they had been entirely new to him.

At last the familiar surroundings reminded the novelist that he was not at work, and he insisted that he be wheeled into his study and brought to his writing-table. When his daughter had put the pen in his hand, he tried to close his fingers upon it, but it dropped from them. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks.

Not long afterward he was carried back to his room, which he hardly left again. For the brief time he lived his mind seemed to wander, and to dwell, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things. He went over some of his talks about the grounds of Abbotsford; he recalled the painful scenes at the polls in Jedburgh; but, oftenest, he repeated fragments of the Bible, or bits from the Litany or Psalms,

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and quotations from the hymns of the Roman Church.

It was now the early part of August and all could see that Sir Walter's death was only a question of a few days. On the 17th he gave almost his final sign of consciousness, speaking to Lockhart those last touching words, "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

On the 19th came his two sons, and on the 24th Sir Walter died. Those about his bedside remembered afterward that the day of his death was so still they could hear in the distance a sound Sir Walter had always loved—the gentle murmur of the Tweed River over its pebbles.

The signs of affection and grief were universal. The whole population attended his funeral, and when came the moment of final parting, Lockhart tells us that "one deep sob burst from a thousand lips."

CHAPTER XVI

CONCLUSION

THE burial of Sir Walter Scott took place in St. Mary's aisle, a part of the ruined Dryburgh Abbey. The reason why this place was chosen for his grave was that the Abbey had once been the property of the Haliburtons, his ancestors on the mother's side. Like other church properties in Scotland at the time of the Reformation, the Abbey had been made part of a temporal lordship and conferred by King James, in 1604, upon the Earl of Mar. A descendant of this Earl sold the Abbey to the Haliburtons. In later years it came into the possession of the Erskine family.

Howitt makes the remark that the reverses attending the latter part of Scott's

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life seemed to continue after his death, being directed against his long-cherished ambition of founding an estate and a family. Before very many years, his daughter's sons followed him, leaving no representative of the name by male inheritance. The daughter of Sophia Scott and of John Lockhart married J. R. Hope, and their child, Mary Monica, married J. C. Maxwell. By this family the name Scott was assumed, so that Walter Joseph Maxwell, Sir Walter's great-great-grandson, born in 1875, became the representative of the name.

In regard to the events covering these latter years of Scott's failing powers and final illness, it may be said that the important acts showing progress in the art of government had to do with the freeing of the Roman Catholic population from the disabilities under which they had labored since the Reformation, and also with the attempts to secure pure elections and a more truly representative Parliament by means of the reform bills designed to do away with

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the abuse known as rotten boroughs, whereby men came into Parliament as representatives of privilege rather than of any section of the people.

In the general outdoor life there was a great increase in communication between different parts of the country. This was followed, and to a certain extent caused, by an improvement in the roadways such as the invention of the Scotchman, Macadam, and also in the establishment of really practicable railways. Steam, though still in its infancy, was proving its right to dominate transportation by sea and land, and was also being applied more and more widely in manufactures.

Together with these improvements, which had the usual effect of unsettling fixed conditions, came those disturbances among the people which always accompany readjustments in industry. The first effect of improved machinery being to displace laborers by simplifying processes and making fewer hands necessary, it is natural that

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those who lose the opportunity to make their living should look upon the introduction of machinery as destructive of their interests. The result during these years of adjustment, from 1810 to the time of Scott's death, was a prevalence of rioting and disorders that broke out now in one part of the country and again in another, the wrath of the rioters being directed against whatever seemed likely to change the fixed conditions to which they had become used.

In July of 1830, two years before Scott's death, there had been a short, sharp and decisive uprising of the people in France, which showed that the Revolution that had expelled the kings had not been put down by Napoleon or by the monarchs reigning after him. When Charles X. endeavored to reëstablish absolute power an uprising followed that ended his monarchy in three days. Louis Philippe came back to the throne, but it was to bear the title "King of the French," an acknowledgment that he

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held his kingship not by hereditary right, but by the choice of the French people.

As regards Sir Walter's attitude toward the political questions of the time there has been more than enough discussion. It is not strange that, as in those of the majority of mankind, there can be pointed out a marked inconsistency in his opinions. In speaking of a projected book that he abandoned, it is said that he refused to write upon the subject because he found his feelings at variance with his judgment; and there is little doubt that his feelings as regards the social questions of his time must often have been at variance with his prejudices, if not with his intellect.

Lockhart traces most of the currents of Sir Walter's life to his early and intense interest in the chronicles of his ancestors. Having become familiar, as a little boy, with the history of his country, he thus acquired a taste for historical research that stored his mind with the materials he afterward used in the creation of those systema-

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tized dreams of the past with which the world has ever since been entertained. As with his intellect, so with his prejudices. Beginning with sympathy for privilege and aristocracy, he never entirely rid himself of his predilection for blue blood; and, although his logical intellect, his far-sighted judgment, and his warm human heart, made him sympathize with the new attitude of statesmen toward the people, yet he was never able to range himself whole-heartedly against the upper orders.

This attitude of mind is not so very uncommon. In those with keen sensibilities and aristocratic tastes, particularly if a tender heart goes with refinement of character, there must always be a struggle between the dictates of justice and the claims of feeling. Many a page of Ruskin's owes its inconsistency to the opposition between his analytic intellect and his love of refinement.

We have seen that not long before his failure the publisher Constable had laid before Scott plans for making literature a

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universal possession. The times must have been ripening for some such development, for not many years after Scott's death appeared many publications to popularize literature and learning. Charles Knight, born twenty years after Scott, bore a valiant part in the work of making good reading available, and for him in 1844 George Craik wrote "Literature and Learning in England," a general critical account of English letters. Of Scott's poems this just and able critic wrote thus: "His poems are all lays and romances of chivalry, but infinitely finer than any that had ever before been written. With all their irregularity and carelessness (qualities which in some sort are characteristic of and essential to this kind of poetry) that element of life in all writing which comes of the excited feeling and earnest belief of the writer is never wanting; this animation, fervor, enthusiasm—call it by what name we will—exists in greater strength in no poetry than in that of Scott, redeeming a thousand defects, and

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triumphing over all the reclamations of criticism. It was this, no doubt, more than anything else, which at once took the public admiration by storm. All cultivated and perfect enjoyment of poetry or of any other of the fine arts, is partly emotional and partly critical; the enjoyment and appreciation are only perfect when these two qualities are blended; but most of the poetry that had been produced among us in modern times, had aimed at affording chiefly, if not exclusively, a critical gratification." In the narrative poems of Scott, there was the appeal to the emotions of the heart, all the interest and enticement of a novel, and "all readers, even the least tinctured with the literary taste, felt also in a greater or less degree the charm of the verse and the poetic glow with which the work was all alive." After the appearance of these stirring poems, poets ceased to produce long works of a didactic or merely reflective character.

When Scott abandoned the poetic field to Byron, he carried to prose fiction the same

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qualities, the same ease and freedom, that had won readers for his verse.

Carlyle, before he had attained success, said some bitter things in a much-discussed essay on Scott. It is animated, one cannot help feeling, by an unfriendly spirit, and some have sought to account for this by a slight it is said Carlyle suffered through the failure of Scott to acknowledge a gift sent through Carlyle from Goethe. At all events, there is an evident attempt to undervalue Scott's work, to dub it "hasty" writing, while admitting it is the best of that class. The novels are said to be good enough for the lazy reader, and comparisons to Scott's disadvantage are made with Shakespeare and with Goethe.

Nor is Carlyle the last, though he may be the greatest, who has sat down to the examination of the Waverley Novels in an endeavor to excuse himself from allowing them to be masterpieces. And yet, from the critics who are under no obligation to be literary, the acknowledgment of Scott's su-

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premacy is hearty and unstinted. Thus Gladstone, who, as a student of Homer, was certainly in no danger of admiring meretricious work or trivial tale-telling, was never tired of rereading the Waverley Novels, declared them to be immortal, and named Æschylus as the only other who could have written "The Bride of Lammermoor," and Shakespeare as the only writer capable of producing the equal of "Kenilworth." Considering that these two names, with that of Homer, make up the greatest triad in fiction, it is difficult to frame higher praise for Scott's work. We shall learn the opinion of another great critic from a carefully written letter of John Ruskin's to a student at Edinburgh University. We quote only a part:

"Best Hundred Books! Have you ever read yet one good book well? For a Scotsman, next to his Bible, there is but one book—his native land; but one language—his native tongue; the sweetest, richest, sub-

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tlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe. Study your Burns, Scott and Carlyle. Scott, in his Scottish novels only, and of those only the cheerful ones, with the 'Heart of Midlothian,' but not the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' nor the 'Legend of Montrose,' nor the 'Pirate.'

"Here is a right list: 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' 'Redgauntlet,' 'Heart of Midlothian.' Get any of them you can in the old large-print edition when you have a chance, and study every sentence in them. They are models of every virtue in their order of literature, and exhaustive codes of Christian wisdom and ethics. I have written this note with care. I should be glad that you sent a copy of it to any paper read generally by the students of the University of Edinburgh, and remain, always faithfully yours,

"JOHN RUSKIN."

Fitzgerald, the translator or composer of

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"Omar Khayyam," wrote thus in a letter to a friend, the capitalizing being his own:

"I am now a good deal about in a new Boat I have built, and thought (as Johnson took Cocker's Arithmetic with him on travel, because he shouldn't exhaust it) so I would take Dante and Homer with me, instead of books which I read through directly. I took Dante by way of slow Digestion: not having looked at him for some years; but I am glad to find I relish him as much as ever. He atones with the sea, as you know does the Odyssey—these are the Men!

"I cannot get on with Books about the Daily Life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. Give me People, Places, and Things, which I don't and can't see; Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys, etc. As to Thackeray's, they are terrible; I look at them on the shelf, and am half afraid to touch them. . . .

"Of course, the Man must be a Man of

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Genius to take his Ease; but if he be, let him take it. I suppose that such as Dante and Milton took it far from easy; well, they dwell apart in the Empyrean; but for Human Delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio and Scott."

At a recent banquet of the Sir Walter Scott Club, of Edinburgh, the retiring president, Sir Henry Craik, delivered an address in which he spoke of Scott's more notable works, saying, in regard to the *Waverley Novels*: "Here, above all the rest of his works, he speaks to all humanity, but he speaks to each man alone, to each hour and to each period of his life. He touched us in our boyhood; he made our hopes higher; he warmed our best impulses; he made our day-dreams seem more real."

In regard to the criticism often made upon these books, that they are not in all respects true to history, we may repeat Macaulay's defence and claim that Scott has

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fairly supplemented history by a series of brilliant pictures, put together out of a mass of material of which the historians can make no use.

Hudson, in his "Life of Scott," claims that Scott taught us to believe that the men and women of the past were of a nature akin to our own, and thereby did much to bring to life, or at least assist in the growth of, the modern historic spirit.

We are glad to read, in a recent article of Mr. Mabie's, a merited rebuke to the facile modern critics of Scott's workmanship. "There is something humorous," he remarks, "in the determined attitude of a little group of very modern, deft, expert framers of sentences toward this large, friendly, affluent mind; this warm, generous, courteous spirit, who shares with Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, Dumas and Victor Hugo, the indifference of the possessor of a great fortune to the details of his bequests to his kind."

In order that we may realize the true

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meaning of an author's immortality, we shall do well to consider it just after reading his biography, and while the impression of his death is still fresh in our minds. No one who has the usual amount of human sympathy can read so intimate a biography as that of Lockhart's, and follow the failure of Sir Walter's faculties through those last sad days at Abbotsford, without being deeply moved. One closes the book with a strong feeling of personal bereavement.

If, while this feeling is still dominant, one takes from the shelves a novel of the strong period of Sir Walter's years of production—such, for instance, as “Waverley” or “Guy Mannering”—at once the sense of deprivation is conquered by the vitality speaking from the living pages of the book. The sadness felt for the loss of the author's personality disappears, and the reader realizes that, for him, Sir Walter Scott is still living, breathing, speaking, as in his old, glorious days.

No one would deny that all which is most

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valuable in any life is comprised in its power to influence others. In so far as any human soul helps those around to live to better purpose and rise to higher things, has the existence of that soul been justified. And this influence upon others than himself is exerted for the most part by an author through his books. Great as may be the direct power of his personality, it must be immeasurably inferior to the manifold multiplication of this power through his written work. When the personal influence dies, the impersonal, indirect—and this is by far the most important part of a great author's life—outlives himself, and can die only if his books cease to be held among the immortals.

It may be admitted that it is yet too early for the final verdict upon the works of Scott; but it has been shown by an able critic that there is always an intimation of coming immortality in the case of books destined to endure. Unless all signs fail us, we see, in his *Waverley Novels* at least, the char-

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acteristics that stamp works of literature as certain to live. They appeal to the deep and eternal emotions. They depict, it is true, phases of life that have passed away, but in their characters there is portrayal of the permanent elements of human nature. They have approved their claim to popularity in foreign lands, as well as in the native land of their author; they have that breadth of view that will insure their appreciation even after the conditions of life contemporary with them have passed away.

While the future may deny to Scott a place among the highest immortals, with the supreme poets, it is not likely that any literature will ever show many names worthy to be ranked higher than his. And even if no written lines of his were preserved, the story of his life would yet rank him high among those who have lived nobly and died bravely.

THE END

APPENDIX

CHIEF DATES RELATING TO SCOTT'S LIFE AND WORKS

DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS.	LITERARY WORKS
1771	Birth of Scott, Aug. 15th.	Death of Gray.	Encyclopædia Britanica begun.
1773	lameness begins.	Boston "Tea Party." Birth of Coleridge. Trial of Warren Hastings.	
	Scott sent to Sandyknowe. learns "Hardyknute."	Johnson and Boswell in Edinburgh, on their tour.	Poems of Robert Ferguson.
1774		Death of Earl of Chesterfield. Birth of Southey. First Continental Congress.	Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther."
		Death of Goldsmith.	Chesterfield's Letters.
1775	Sent to Bath for a year. learns to read. sees "As You Like It."	Battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill, etc. Birth of Charles Lamb.	Sheridan's "Rivals."
1776	To Edinburgh, and afterward to Sandyknowe.	Birth of Jane Austen. American Revolution. Cook begins third voyage. Garrick leaves the stage. Death of David Hume.	Thomas Paine's "Common Sense." Gibbon's "Decline of Roman Empire." Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

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DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1777	Visit to Edinburgh, and to Prestonpans.	Washington at Valley Forge. Birth of Thomas Campbell. United States Flag adopted. Battle of Saratoga. Birth of Henry Clay.	Sheridan's "School for Scandal."
1778	Scott at school in Edinburgh, and at Kelso, until he enters university.	John Paul Jones on the Scotch and English coasts. Death of Earl of Chatham. Massacre of Wyoming. Cook discovers Sandwich Islands (Hawaiian Islands). Deaths of Voltaire and of Rousseau.	Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Burney's "Evelina." Lessing's "Nathan the Wise."
1779		"No popery" riots in Scotland. Captain Cook killed. Battle of Stony Point. Siege of Gibraltar. Death of Garrick. Birth of Humphrey Davy. Birth of Thomas Moore.	
1780		Major Andre hanged. Gordon riots in London. Torture of prisoners abolished in France. Death of Sir William Blackstone.	
1781		Surrender of Cornwallis. Death of Lessing. Herschel discovers Uranus. First Sunday-school.	

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DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1782	Meets James Ballantyne.		Scott's first poem, "Etna." Cowper's poems published.
1783	At Edinburgh University.	Treaty of Paris. End of American Revolution. Washington's "Farewell Address." Birth of Washington Irving. First lifeboat. First balloon. First newspaper in United States. Letter sent by first mail-coach. Death of Dr. Johnson.	Scott's poems, "Edinburgh" and "Setting Sun."
1784	Learns French.		
1785		Birth of David Wilkie. Affair of the "Queen's Necklace." John Howard visits hospitals.	Cowper's "Task."
1786	Apprenticed to his father. Meets Robert Burns.	Death of Gilbert Stuart. Death of Thomas Tyrwhitt. The "Brown Bess" musket.	Burns's poems published, Kilmarnock edition.
1787		Birth of Guizot. Australia a penal settlement. Swedenborgians begin anti-machine riots.	Horne Tooke's "Divisions of Purley."
1788	Attends civil law classes. Resumes friendship with James Ballantyne. Interested in German romances.	Birth of Byron. Death of Prince Charles Stuart. Discontent in France. Regency proposed, George III being incompetent. Death of Buffon.	Writings of Mme. de Stael.
1789		Birth of J. Fenimore Cooper. Mutiny of the "Bounty."	Howard on Prisons.

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DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1789		French Revolution begins. Capture of Belgrade. Deaths of Thomas Day, Silvio Pellico, Mary R. Mitford. Washington president.	
1790		Deaths of John Howard, Adam Smith, Benjamin Franklin. Burke's speeches against French Revolution.	Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Malone's "Shakespeare."
1791	Elected to "Speculative Society." Apprenticeship expires.		Burke's "Reflections on French Revolution." Paine's "Rights of Man."
1792	Called to the Bar. Excursions to Liddesdale. Began study of German. Member of Society of Advocates.	French Republic declared. Wordsworth goes to France.	Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory."
1793	Scott's first love-affair. Visits Galloway.	Execution of Louis XVI. France and England at war.	
1794		End of Reign of Terror. Death of Gibbon.	Godwin's "Caleb Williams." Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho." Paine's "Age of Reason." Paley's "Evidences of Christianity."
1795		Treaty of Bale.	Ireland Shakespeare forgeries.
1796	Visited Montrose. Translates Burger. Writes ballads.	Death of Robert Burns. Birth of John Keats.	Translations of "Lenore" and "Wild Huntsman."

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DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1796			Coleridge's poems. Southey's "Joan of Arc."
1797	Visit to Carlisle. In yeomanry. Visits the English lakes. Marriage. Lives in George's street, Edinburgh.	Napoleon's Italian campaign. Deaths of Edmund Burke and Horace Walpole. John Adams president.	
1798		Battle of the Pyramids.	"Thomas the Rhymer." "Goetz von Berlichingen" translated. Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads." Malthus on "Population."
1799	Sheriff Deputy of Selkirkshire, at Ashestiel. Last of "Liddesdale Raids." Birth of Sophia Scott.	Napoleon in Syria. Death of George Washington.	"Apology for Tales of Terror." Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."
1800		Union with Ireland. Napoleon First Consul. Water decomposed by galvanic battery. Battle of Marengo. Birth of Macaulay. Deaths of Cowper and Blair.	"Eve of St. John." Moore's "Odes of Anacreon."
1801	Walter Scott, Jr., born.	Steamboat on Thames. Battle of Copenhagen. Roman Church restored in France. Thomas Jefferson president. Population of England about 10,000,000.	Lewis's "Tales of Wonder."
1802		Death of Burns. Toussaint Louverture to France.	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> begins.

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DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1802		Birth of Victor Hugo. Jenner's vaccination. Subjugation of India begun.	"Minstrelsy Scottish Border."
1803	Scott a volunteer. birth of Anne Scott. Birth of Marjorie Fleming.	Birth of Emerson. Death of Landseer. Percussion-lock invented. Louisiana purchase.	Malthus's "Essay on Population."
1804	Sells Rosebank.	Mungo Park's exploration. Napoleon emperor. Bible Society begun. Trevithick's locomotive. Decatur burns the "Philadelphia." Birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne.	"Sir Tristram" edited.
1805	Partner of Ballantyne. birth of Charles Scott.	Battles of Ulm, Trafalgar, Austerlitz.	Beginning of "Waverley." "Lay of Last Minstrel."
1806		Deaths of Nelson, Pitt and Fox. Battles of Jena and Auerstadt.	"Civil War Memoirs" edited. Ballads and Lyrics.
1807	At Lasswade.	Battle of Copenhagen. Streets lighted with gas. Peace of Tilsit. Birth of Longfellow. Birth of J. G. Whittier.	
1808		Napoleon's Spanish campaign. Riots in Manchester. Death of Richard Porson. Dalton's "Atomic Theory."	"Marmion." Edition of Dryden. "Queenhoo Hall" edited.
1809		Battle of Corunna. Death of Haydn. Napoleon divorces Josephine.	Quarterly Review begun.

Appendix

DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1809		Birth of Lincoln. James Madison president. Birth of Edgar A. Poe.	Sadler Papers edited. Somers Tracts edited (till 1815).
1810	Death of Williamina Forbes.	Sir Francis Burdett riot. Cobbett imprisoned.	"Lady of the Lake." English Minstrelsy edited.
1811	Scott improving Abbotsford.	Regency of Prince of Wales. Riots at Nottingham. Battle of Tippecanoe.	"Vision of Don Roderick." Secret History of James I edited.
1812	Death of "Pet Marjorie," Dec. 19. Scott moves to Abbotsford.	Birth of Wendell Phillips. War of 1812. Napoleon's Russian expedition. Death of Horne Tooke. Luddite riots. Battle of Salamanca.	
1813		Naval battles. English and American navies. Battles of Leipsic and Dresden. Birth of David Livingstone. Southey, Poet Laureate.	"Rokeby." Warwick Memoirs edited. "Bridal of Triermain."
1814		Norway ceded to Sweden. Allies enter Paris. Napoleon abdicates, and goes to Elba. Death of Charles Dibdin.	Edition of Swift. "Letting of Humors" edited. "Waverley." "Border Antiquities" (till 1817).
1815	Visit to London. Meeting with Byron.	Corn Laws introduced. Napoleon's "Hundred Days." Battle of Waterloo. Napoleon sent to St. Helena. Davy's safety lamp. Battle of New Orleans.	"Lord of the Isles." "Guy Mannering." "Waterloo." Somerville Memoirs edited.

Appendix

DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1816		Buying of Elgin Marbles. Death of R. B. Sheridan. Bread riots general.	"Paul's Letters." "The Antiquary." "Tales of My Landlord," I ("Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality.")
1817	Illness begins. Washington Irving visits Scott.	Spain agrees to give up slave trade. James Monroe president. Seminole war. Birth of Henry D. Thoreau.	"Harold the Dauntless." Moore's "Lalla Rookh." <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> begins.
1818		"Wager of Battle" invoked. Death of Warren Hastings. Death of Matthew George Lewis. Death of Sir Philip Francis.	"Rob Roy." "Tales of My Landlord," II ("Heart of Midlothian.")
1819		Deaths of "Peter Pindar" and James Watt. Birth of Victoria. "Wager of Battle" abolished. First crossing of Atlantic by steamship "Savannah." Riots in Manchester. Birth of J. R. Lowell. Birth of John Ruskin.	"Tales of My Landlord," III ("Bride of Lammermoor," "Legend of Montrose.") "Visionary," 1, 2, 3. Description of Regalia. Shelley's "Cenci."
1820	Scott made Baronet.	Death of Benjamin West. Trial of Queen Caroline. Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.	"Ivanhoe." "Monastery." "Abbot." Haliburton Memoirs edited. Carey's Poems edited. Shelley's "To a Skylark."

Appendix

DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1821		Death of Napoleon. Death of John Balandyne. Coronation George IV. Death of Keats.	Byron's "Cain." Novelists' Library edited (till 1824). Franck's Memoirs edited. "Kenilworth." "The Pirate." Fountainhall Diary edited. "Halidon Hill." Memoirs Civil War edited. "Fortunes of Nigel." "Peveril of the Peak."
1822	Illness.	Death of Shelley. George IV visits Scotland. Death of William Herschel. Birth of U. S. Grant.	
1823	Clydesdale Excursion. Miss Edgeworth at Abbotsford.	Death of Edward Jenner. Death of John Kemble. Peel reforms criminal law.	"Quentin Durward."
1824	Death of Thomas Scott. Abbotsford finished.	Upsetting and replacing of the "Logan" at Land's End. Death of Byron.	"St. Ronan's Well." "Redgauntlet."
1825	Marriage of Walter Scott, Jr. Scott visits Ireland.	Death of Mrs. Barbauld. Repeal of Combination Act. Death of Fuseli. Beginnings of bank failures. J. Q. Adams president.	Tales of Crusaders ("Betrotthed," "Talisman").
1826	Visits Wordsworth. Visits Paris. Death of Lady Scott.	Bank failures. Death of Flaxman. Death of Jefferson.	"Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." "Thoughts on Change of Currency." "Woodstock." "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte."
1827	Waverley authorship confessed.	Death of William Blake.	

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DATE	SCOTT'S LIFE	OTHER EVENTS	LITERARY WORKS
1827			Chronicles of Canongate, I ("Highland Widow," "Two Drovers," "Surgeon's Daughter"). La Roche-jacquelin Memoirs.
1828			Prose works collected. "Tales of a Grandfather," I. Religious Discourses. Chronicles of Canongate, II ("Fair Maid of Perth").
1829	Death of Thomas Purdie.	Burke the murderer executed. Death of Sir Humphrey Davy. Death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Death of Geo. IV. Andrew Jackson president.	"Tales of a Grandfather," II. Ballantyne Memoirs edited. "Anne of Geierstein."
1830	Stroke of paralysis. Visit of J. M. W. Turner.	Accession of William IV. Liverpool-Manchester Railway opened. Death of Hazlitt. Invention of life-boat.	"Tales of a Grandfather," III. "Doom of Devoirgoil." "Demonology."
1831	Journey to Italy.	Death of John Abernethy. Reform Bill rejected by Lords. Reform riots. Cholera in England.	"History of Scotland." "Tales of a Grandfather," IV.
1832	Death at Abbotsford. Burial at Dryburgh Abbey.	Reform Bill passes.	"Tales of My Landlord," IV. "Count Robert of Paris." "Castle Dangerous."

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

Count Robert of Paris, 1090.
 The Betrothed, 1187.
 The Talisman, 1194.
 Ivanhoe, 1198.
 Castle Dangerous, 1306-7.
 Fair Maid of Perth, 1402.
 Quentin Durward, 1470.
 Anne of Geierstein, 1474.
 The Monastery, 1559.
 The Abbot, 1568.
 Kenilworth, 1575.
 The Laird's Jock, 1600.
 The Fortunes of Nigel, 1620.
 A Legend of Montrose, 1645.
 Woodstock, 1652.
 Peveril of the Peak, 1660.
 Old Mortality, 1679.
 The Pirate, 1700.
 My Aunt Margaret's Mirror,
 1700.
 The Bride of Lammermoor,
 1700.
 The Black Dwarf, 1708.
 Rob Roy, 1715.

The Heart of Midlothian
 1736-1751.
 Waverley, 1745.
 The Highland Widow, 1755.
 The Surgeon's Daughter,
 1750-1770.
 Guy Mannering, 1750-1770.
 The Two Drovers, 1765.
 Redgauntlet, 1770.
 The Tapestry Chamber, 1780.
 The Antiquary, 1798.
 St. Ronan's Well, 1800.

POEMS

Harold the Dauntless (le-
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 Don Roderick, 714.
 Lord of the Isles, 1307.
 Marmion, 1513.
 Lady of the Lake, 1528.
 Lay of Last Minstrel, 1550.
 Rokeby, 1644.
 Waterloo, 1815.

Appendix

A BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

For Young Readers of Scott

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Merely enumerating editions would be of no use. There is every form of these books, from cheap, pirated, paper-covered volumes to the most elaborate editions in special binding. If one is to buy a complete set, it is wise to select volumes of convenient size, so that they can be carried about.

There are two especially portable.

THE DENT EDITION, in forty-eight small (4 inches by 6 inches) volumes, with notes, introduction, etc., and pictures by Herbert Railton besides portraits, and bibliographical notes by Clement K. Shorter. This is a handy, modern edition, printed on thin paper, and based upon the so-called "Author's Favorite Edition," published in Edinburgh, 1834.

THE NELSON EDITION, in the "New Century Library," printed on India paper; exceedingly compact, and portable; well illustrated; with the notes of the "Favorite Edition," and containing each novel in *not more than a single volume*.

SCOTT'S POEMS. Here, too, there is an endless choice, but the GLOBE EDITION will be found entirely satisfactory at a reasonable price. Another single volume edition, with the author's introductions and notes, is edited by J. Logie Robertson, and published by the Oxford University Press. This contains the fullest information, but is not meant for school use.

Appendix

For schools there are published separate editions of separate novels and poems, such as *Ivanhoe*, *The Taisman*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Lord of the Isles*, etc., and to these the notes are more detailed.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. John Gibson Lockhart.

There have been a number of editions of this, the standard life of Scott, the first issued in seven volumes in Edinburgh, 1837-1838, and then in ten volumes in 1839, and 1845. This was abridged by the author, and appeared in one volume in Edinburgh, 1871. Reprints of both of these have appeared from American presses. There is also an epitome of the biography, by Jenkinson.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. William Henry Hudson.

A full and critical study, arranged according to the periods of his life.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. James Hay. A short but well composed biography, written with independence of judgment.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. Richard H. Hutton. An excellent biography, published in the "English Men of Letters" Series.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Charles Duke Yonge.

One of the "Great Writers" Series. Particularly valuable for the exhaustive bibliographical tables, prepared by John P. Anderson of the British Museum. This bibliography is so complete that it serves as a guide to the whole literature relating to Scott or his Works.

Appendix

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. This begins in 1825 and continues till his return from abroad in 1832—just before his death. Invaluable for the intimate view of Scott's life and character, and habits of mind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. George Saintsbury. (Scots Series.)

THE BALLYNTYNE CONTROVERSY. There are a number of books discussing the questions arising out of the failure of the publishing house, but they hardly concern younger readers.

ESSAY ON SCOTT, will be found in Carlyle's Works, and is in Cassell's National Library.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY. Robert Chambers. "Notices of real characters and incidents described in his works."

LIFE OF SCOTT, in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Professor Minto, is full and excellent.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF BRITISH POETS. William Howitt.

MARJORIE FLEMING. Dr. John Brown. An indispensable sketch of Scott and his child friend.

ABBOTSFORD AND NEWSTEAD ABBEY. Washington Irving.

There are numberless lives, notices, and essays that give various views of Scott. Among them may be noted those by Walter Bagehot, James Browne, Robert Chambers, Allan Cunningham, Edward Everett, George R. Gleig, William Hazlitt, James Hogg, Andrew Lang, Donald G. Mitchell, and William H. Prescott.

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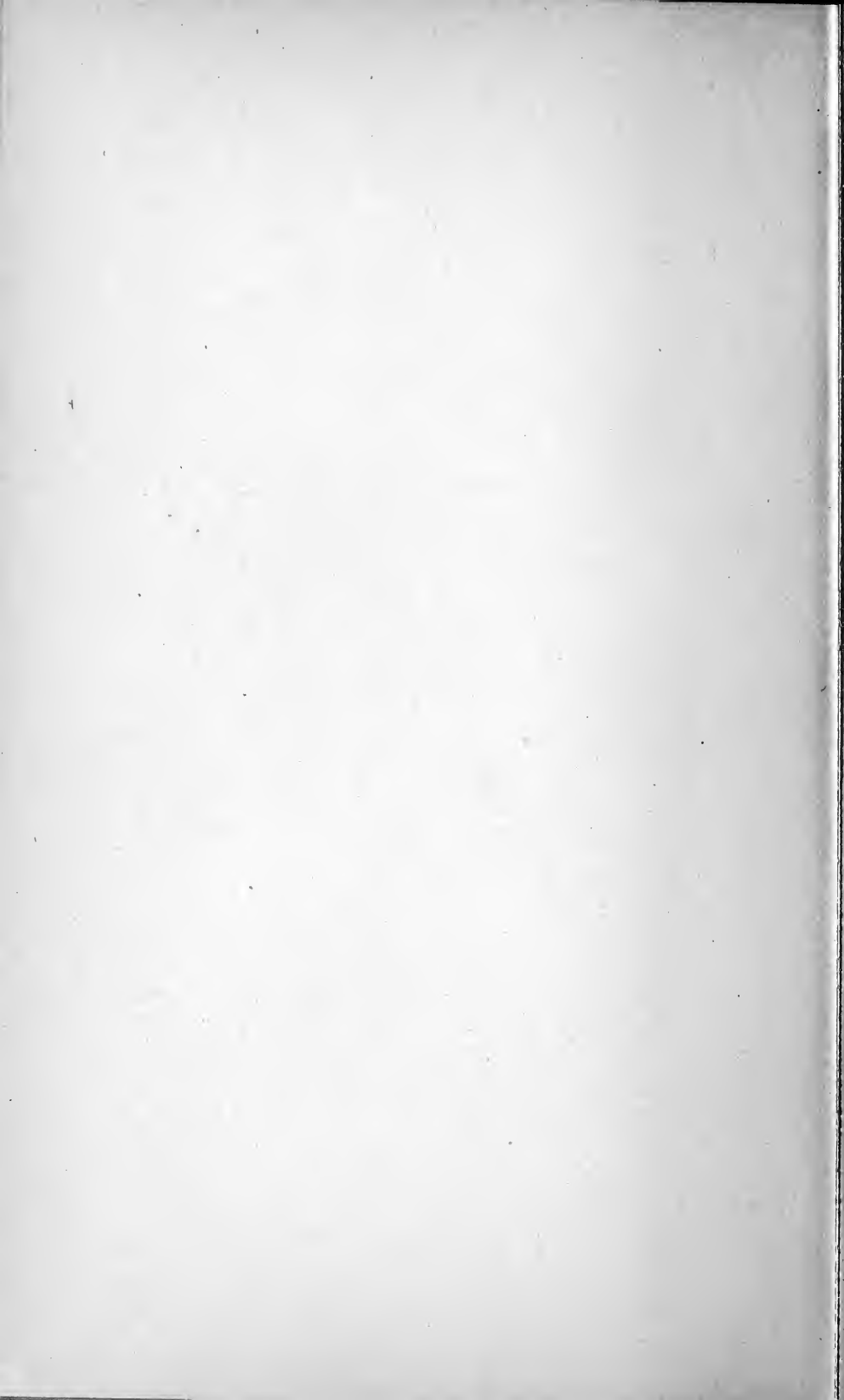
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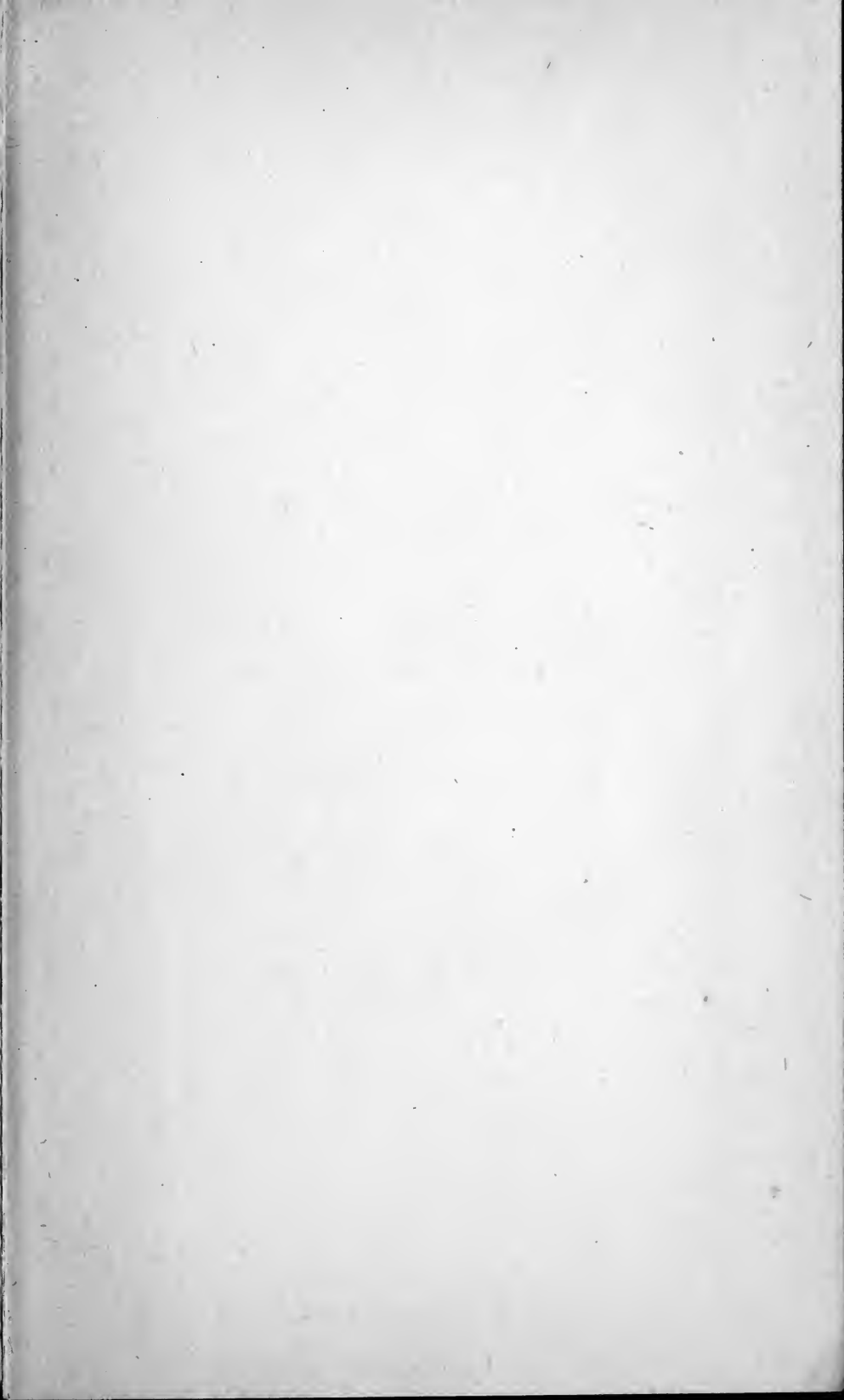
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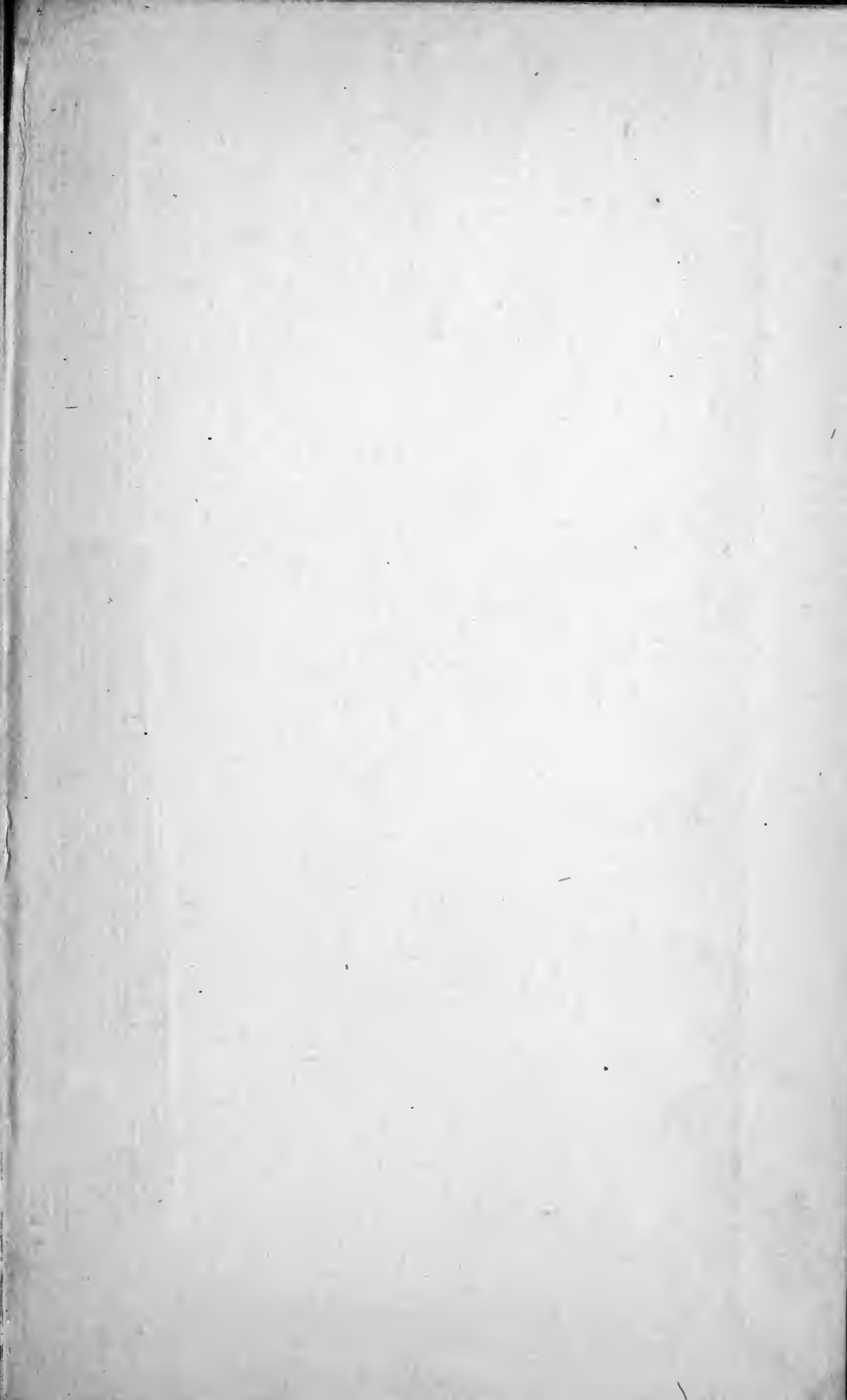
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